BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE CHINA

Screenplay by

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16B

"BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE CHINA"

FADE IN

1 EXT. HIGHWAY 101 - DAY 1

...where it's raining like hell around Eureka, California ...traveller's advisories in effect...but always one guy ignoring them, and today it's the character driving that big FLOATING-CHROME PETERBILT through this particular monsoon, powerhousing right INTO OUR FACE, the SCREEN SUDDENLY ALL TITLE...WHAMMO! *

BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE CHINA

2 OUT 2

3 INT. PETERBILT CAB - DAY 3

A truly unusual person up here running the whole show, yapping into his CB, drinking coffee, scarfing down a customized baked ham sandwich on a monster roll. JACK BURTON they call him when they're not calling him more trouble than he's worth.

JACK BURTON
(chewing his CB)
Like I told my last wife, I said, 'I never drive faster than I can see.'

Then how come you're doing sixty today, Jack? If they still made outlaws in 1985, Jack Burton'd be one. And ladies love outlaws.

4 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY 4

ROAR! The theater shakes as Jack's BIG TRUCK slams by CAMERA!

5 INT. PETERBILT CAB - DAY 5

JACK BURTON
You just listen to the ol' Pork Chop Express an' take his advice on a dark and stormy night when some wild-eyed eight-foot tall maniac grabs your neck an' taps the back of your favorite head up against a barroom wall. An' he looks you crooked in the eye an' he asks if you've paid your dues. You stare right back at that big sucker an' remember what Jack Burton always says at times like that. 'Have you paid your dues, Jack?' 'Yes, Sir, the check is in the mail.'

6 EXT. HIGHWAY 101 - NIGHT 6*

Ghostly headlights glowing, Jack's massive ten-wheeler kicking up so much WATER the SCREEN TURNS A HAZY WASH.

7 INT. PETERBILT CAB - NIGHT 7*

Jack is still talking on his CB as the rain pounds on the windshield...He's having dessert behind the wheel, some kind of God-awful cellophane encased sugar cake. *

JACK BURTON
Now I'm not sayin' I been everywhere an' I done everything, but I do know it's a pretty amazing planet we live on here, an' a fella'd have to be a fool to think we're all alone in this universe.

8 EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - NIGHT 8*

FOG AND RAIN. Jack Burton's pig-filled Peterbilt barreling into San Francisco in the quiet hours after midnight.

9 INT. PETERBILT - NIGHT 9

THE RADIO ON, some lunatic talk show holding Jack's interest.

RADIO CALLER
The point I'm makin', Ray, is way back in 1852 what we did was we welcomed all them crazy Chinamen into Frisco with open arms. But I'm sayin' the Gold Rush is over. So why in hell they still comin'? With their opium dens and their...

RADIO HOST
What is your point, pinhead? This is 1986 not 1852.

RADIO CALLER
My point is the same point The Workingmen's Party of California been makin' for one hundred years! 'The Chinese Must Go!'

JACK BURTON
Can't stand the fire, get your ass outta the kitchen.

10 EXT. WHOLESALE MARKET - NIGHT 10

TITLES CONCLUDING OVER this wonderfully colorful, bustling link in the city's food chain...RAIN making it all the more fascinating, fruits and vegetables, poultry, pushcarts and pickups glistening under the lights...

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 10

...ITALIANS buying from BLACKS and CHINESE MERCHANTS mixing with CHIC RESTAURANTEURS, making deals as fast as they can, counting money, guzzling coffee, backslapping, bullshitting, gambling under cardboard and canvas canopies as...

...here he comes with his pigs, Jack Burton rolling into the thick of it all.

11 INT. PETERBILT - NIGHT 11

Jack's view of this madhouse. His kind of world...a carnival with rules made to bend.

12 EXT. WHOLESALE MARKET - NIGHT 12

Jack off-loading the little swines into the waiting arms of a FEW PACKING HOUSE BUYERS, their trucks backed up to Jack's...

...SEVERAL CHINESE dickering for a choice pig here and there, Jack cutting deals on the side, pocketing cash... accepting business checks and signing invoices...all of this seeming to us slightly illicit and exciting, Jack a wheeling dealing, rougish figure in this night world.

NOT MUCH LATER...Jack on foot, moving through the crowd, nodding to FRIENDS, stealing an orange, biting right into the damn thing and spitting out the skin to get at the flesh...

Jack sitting with a BUNCH OF CHINESE, one of the gang, gambling for stacks of bills at a contest called fan-tan, a guessing game involving piles of beans, and Jack's taking these Chinese to the laundry...one fella in particular catching our attention, a handsome young Chinese. WANG CHI. He's got some style: a fedora hat, a baseball jacket, a red shirt and a narrow black leather tie.

JACK BURTON
(of Wang Chi's pile)
Odd.

WANG CHI
(of Jack's pile)
Odd.

Both men count their beans. Jack's right. Wang Chi's wrong. More money for Jack.

13 EXT. WHOLESALE MARKET - DAY 13

A WIDE ANGLE ON the market. Those first tracings of daylight in the sky. The rain over, the market thinning out...

(CONTINUED)

...but Jack Burton and his Chinese friends are still at it, fan-tan having long since given way to a spirited game of pai gow, fueled by bottles of Chinese beer and steamed dumplings.

JACK BURTON
What'd he say? In English, Wang.

WANG CHI
Something about beginner's luck.
It doesn't translate, but he quits.

JACK BURTON
He quits? It's a brand new day an'
the man's still got a hundred bucks...

Not only does the guy quit, but the dominoes they're playing with are his and with him they go.

JACK BURTON
Hey, suit yourselves, fellas. I'm
not gonna complain 'cause I bet in
the next twenty minutes I'da lost
my shirt.

Yeah, right. Jack's packing up his winnings, stuffing money into his pockets...Wang Chi emptying a bottle of beer, eyeing Jack who, as usual, can't shut up...

JACK BURTON
Breaks my heart to do this, guys,
but I figure next time I'm down
here you'll gang up on poor ol'
Jack so fast he won't know what
the hell...

WANG CHI
No.

JACK BURTON
Ah, sure, easy come, easy go, Wang.

WANG CHI
No. Not next time. Now.

Jack looks up and across at Wang Chi who's suddenly got in his right hand the biggest, sharpest PRODUCE KNIFE you ever saw...in his left, that empty beer bottle.

THE OTHER CHINESE, FROM Jack's P.O.V., backing off just a bit here.

JACK BURTON
Is this gonna get ugly? I hope not
'cause I thought what we were, racial
differences notwithstandin', was all
old friends here, all Californians.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2) 13

Wang Chi slams a beer bottle onto their ratty little table, makes those pai gow dominoes jump!

JACK BURTON
Ah shit, Wang, it's only a game.

Said while Jack slips his own hand below the table, unzips the left inside ankle seam of his canvas pants... REVEALING a Gerber Mark II SURVIVAL KNIFE laced to his calf with leather thongs.

WANG CHI
Nothing or double.

Jack looks at him.

WANG CHI
This knife...chops this bottle in half. Nothing or double.

JACK BURTON
Bullshit.

WANG CHI
Nothing or double, Jack.

JACK BURTON
Why, man? Don't be stupid.

WANG CHI
I need the money.

There is something kind of desperate about Wang Chi.

JACK BURTON
I got near a thousand dollars in my pocket, Wang... *

WANG CHI
One thousand, one hundred, forty-eight, Jack. *

This Wang Chi knows the score. Jack thinks. The whole notion is getting a big grip on his brain. But a cautious man he can still be.

JACK
Not that bottle. This bottle.

Jack empties his own beer. Just in case Wang's got a trick bottle up his sleeve here.

WANG CHI
Okay.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (3)

JACK BURTON
You're outta your mind, Wang, but God bless you.

Jack steps back a pace. Wang Chi sets himself in the chair, moves that big blade against the beer bottle, taking its measure...

...all the Chinese step back.

Wang Chi swings! WHAMMO! The bottle flies off the table like a rocket! Right at Jack! His arm comes up in a reflexive blur...and he catches the damn thing in his fist! A great save! The bottle unbroken. And even Jack's amazed he's not picking glass out of his teeth.

Wang Chi looks at his big knife, mystified.

WANG CHI
It always works at home.

JACK BURTON
Yeah, well, have me over for dinner some year an' prove it. Meantime, pay up. One thousand, one hundred and forty-eight bucks. Times two.

Jack puts his bottle back on the table in front of Wang Chi, towers over the little man.

WANG CHI
I don't have that kind of money, Jack.

JACK BURTON
I didn't hear that, Wang.

WANG CHI
I'm just a poor Chinese.

JACK BURTON
Wang, you own a restaurant. That's more than me.

WANG CHI
Oh, yeah, right. I meant I don't have that kind of money on me.

JACK BURTON
That's what I thought you meant. Where's your truck parked?

14 EXT. MARKET LOT - MORNING

Jack Burton and Wang Chi walking across the mud. Jack's Peterbilt the biggest vehicle left around...parked not that far from a beat-up van that says, in predictable chop suey script, DRAGON OF THE BLACK POOL RESTAURANT...

...as a matter of fact, the same lettering's sewn onto the back of Wang Chi's jacket.

WANG CHI
Jack, first I have to go somewhere, Jack.

JACK BURTON
No, you don't.

WANG CHI
Yeah, I do. So how about we meet at my restaurant in a few hours, you know? I pay the money then.

JACK BURTON
You pay the money now. Where you gotta go?

WANG CHI
The airport.

JACK BURTON
Yeah, right. Over my dead body.

WANG CHI
If need be.

Said so chillingly that Jack thinks twice.

JACK BURTON
I'll follow you.

WANG CHI
You don't trust me after all these years. That makes me sad, Jack. It reminds me of an old Chinese joke.

JACK BURTON
Save it. I'll give you a lift. Get in the truck.

WANG CHI
You were going to follow me, Jack.

JACK BURTON
I know, then I came to my senses.

15 INT. PETERBILT - DAY 15

Jack and Wang Chi cruising along, the Oriental appearing increasingly nervous as the seconds tick by...

JACK BURTON
So who we pickin' up?

WANG CHI
A girl. I don't wanna talk about it.

JACK BURTON
A girl? Where from?

WANG CHI
Peking. This is a big day in my life. I should have gone home and gotten forty winks.

JACK BURTON
A girl from China. I never done that. I picked up girls from everywhere else, but not from China. How pretty are we talkin' here?

Wang hands Jack a small color snapshot...MIAO YIN, a great-looking girl. Barely twenty, she has incredible GREEN EYES.

WANG CHI
I'm going to marry her, Jack.

Jack looks at him.

WANG CHI
I've known her since we were kids, but I haven't seen her for five years. I came here alone, I worked my fingers 'til they bled. Before you knew me, Jack, I slept on the floor, I saved every nickel, I made something of myself. Now I pay off people in San Francisco to help me pay off more people in China to bring her here because I love her so much, Jack, I can't eat or sleep or think properly without her anymore. She's gonna put my whole life back in order. Boy, listen to me, huh? Real tough guy, huh?

JACK BURTON
You sound a little nervous, pal.

WANG CHI
That's why the bottle didn't slice. My mind and my spirit are going north and south.

16 INT. SAN FRANCISCO CHARTER TERMINAL - DAY 16

A charter terminal. Jack Burton following Wang Chi inside, the little Chinese walking on his toes, alert, looking for some arrival information...

WANG CHI
She's on schedule. That's just like her. She's very pulled together.

JACK BURTON
She a pilot?

WANG CHI
No. An accountant. She's gonna put my books in order too.

JACK BURTON
First thing she does then is she subtracts one thousand, one hundred and forty-eight bucks times two...

17 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO INTERNATIONAL - DAY 17

The Air France charter carrying Miao Yin taxis into its berth. Through a window we SEE Miao Yin staring out with those green eyes.

18 INT. TERMINAL - DAY 18

Jack and Wang Chi standing in a CROWD OF ORIENTAL FRIENDS AND RELATIVES here to meet the big plane, Jack the tallest human being for miles around...no, wait...

...a girl...a white AMERICAN GIRL, moving through the crowd, catching Jack's roving eye because not only is she tall, she's sexy...in a wholesome, no-nonsense way.

WANG CHI
She has green eyes. You know how rare that is, Jack?

JACK BURTON
(watching the American girl)
How can you tell from here?

WANG CHI
(sees Gracie Law)
Not her. She's trouble. Miao Yin. Beautiful green eyes like creamy jade.

JACK BURTON
Trouble?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

The American Girl is gone, swallowed up in the crowd pressing forward toward the greeting area...an expanse of open floor terminating in wired-glass doors marked "U.S. CUSTOMS -- ARRIVING PASSENGERS -- NO ADMITTANCE."

19 INT. U.S. CUSTOMS - DAY 19

Miao Yin in the congestion around Baggage Claim, locating her suitcase, just a cardboard box.

20 INT. TERMINAL - DAY 20

Jack having moved away from an anxious Wang Chi, uses his height to locate that sexy, illusive American Girl.

JACK BURTON
Can I ask you a serious question?

The American Girl suprised to hear English, turning to look Jack's way...catching his wink...

AMERICAN GIRL
Absolutely not.

JACK BURTON
Well, then would you ever consider just jumping into... *

AMERICAN GIRL
Sure. But never with a person in your condition. *

Jack looks at himself, wrinkled, unkempt, unshaven and uncouth.

JACK BURTON
What's wrong with my condition?

AMERICAN GIRL
Try standing down wind where I am. It's Miller time. *

...and before Jack can take a spectacular shot back at this Girl...something comes between them...THREE SHADY CHINESE KIDS with Fu Manchu beards, ski vests, jeans and heavy-duty black engineer boots, carving their own freeway through the crowd, shoving people aside... *

JACK BURTON
Hey...

But the Girl quickly stopping him, grabbing Jack's arm...

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 20

AMERICAN GIRL
Don't.

JACK BURTON
Don't what?

AMERICAN GIRL
Lords of Death. Street gang. Punks from Chinatown. This isn't good... What're they doing here?

JACK BURTON
Hey, what're you doin' here? They got relatives too, you know. People to meet, places to go. *

AMERICAN GIRL
They're assholes.

21 INT. U.S. CUSTOMS - DAY 21

Miao Yin...

U.S. CUSTOMS
Your first visit to America?

MIAO YIN
Yes.

U.S. CUSTOMS
You speak English?

MIAO YIN
Some, yes.

U.S. CUSTOMS
Welcome to San Francisco.

A MOMENT LATER...Miao Yin pushing forward toward her side of those wired-glass doors...passengers already going through:

22 INT. TERMINAL - DAY 22

Wang Chi pushing forward toward his side of the doors, through friends and relatives reuniting...Jack getting separated from the American Girl in the crush...

...as she looks at several small SNAPSHOTS...matching one up to a young CHINESE GIRL just emerging from Customs...

AMERICAN GIRL
Tara!

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: 22

Hearing her name, the Chinese Girl turns...and the Lords of Death close in. But the American Girl's faster, rushing forward, grabbing this Tara's hand, one of the Lords (call him NEEDLES) upon her a second later, trying to yank Tara away!

CHINESE back off...SKYCAPS look the other way...

...and Jack sees all this...just as Wang Chi makes eye contact with his beloved Miao Yin coming through that wired door...

WANG CHI
Miao Yin!

...and WHAMMO! Jack makes his move! Understanding only that two pretty girls are outnumbered by three undesirable thugs! Needles finds himself spun away by the tall American!

JACK BURTON
Let's you and me have a little talk, friend.

Nope! Needles' pals, JOE LUCKY and ONE EAR, suddenly pounce on Jack's head!

Miao Yin moving toward Wang Chi moving toward Miao Yin...

...the American Girl seizing upon the uproar to grab Tara and spirit her off through the churning, panicked crowd!

Miao Yin grabbed! Needles has her, and Wang Chi sees it from five yards away, a dozen people between him and his bride-to-be!

Jack nails Joe Lucky with a right hook, takes One Ear's savage boot hell square in the back!

Wang Chi practically climbing over people, Miao Yin dragged away kicking and screaming by the Lords of Death!

WANG CHI
Jack! Com'on, Jack!

23 INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - DAY 23*

The American Girl hustling her new Chinese friend toward a VAN, hiding her in the back, turning to see...

The Lords of Death on the run, coming this way, One Ear pausing to muzzle Miao Yin's complaints with a roundhouse right, Needles catching an unconscious Miao Yin, heaving her over his shoulder like a rice sack...

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON Wang Chi and Jack Burton exploding on the scene! Which way did the bastards go?!

WANG CHI
There!

...The Lords of Death tearing past the American Girl's van and reaching their getaway car, a brand new PONTIAC FIREBIRD...into the trunk with Miao Yin!

Jack and Wang Chi running like maniacs past the American Girl backing her van out fast! She's close enough to read the restaurant name on the back of Wang Chi's jacket!

JACK BURTON
Call the cops!

But the van speeds off! The Firebird starts up with a violent lurch, wheeling out of its space and screaming right at our guys! Wang Chi paralyzed, Jack rushing forward, diving at his friend, knocking him down against the pavement as the Firebird bears in.

24 INT. FIREBIRD - DAY 24

One Ear at the wheel...flooring it...just missing Jack and Wang Chi lying side by side on the ground.

25 INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - DAY 25

Flat as pancakes...Jack Burton and Wang Chi...but miraculously alive! Jack lifts his head, sees the Firebird screech out of the parking garage!

JACK BURTON
Son of a bitch must pay.

It's gonna be that kind of movie.

26 INT. FIREBIRD - DAY 26

The Lords of Death on a real high, speeding out onto the 280 Freeway toward San Francisco, laughing like hyenas.

27 EXT. 280 FREEWAY - DAY 27

Something genuinely spectacular to look at here, a breathtaking WIDE SHOT FROM the 20th and Missouri Street Bridge down onto the Firebird whipping along in traffic...

...and then 50 yards back and coming on strong, Jack's big Peterbilt...ROARING.

27-A

27-A INT. PETERBILT - DAY

Jack Burton at the wheel, Wang Chi riding shotgun and hanging on for dear life!

JACK BURTON
What's goin' on, Wang? Why'd they steal your girlfriend?

WANG CHI
Hey, you tell me. How come it's not safe to walk in Central Park, huh? Or give a stranger a lift anymore? Because the world's full of crazy people, Jack, hoodlums.

JACK
Hoodlums? That American girl back at the airport said they were assholes...

WANG CHI
Brilliant. Stay away from her, Jack. She's nuts too. She's a lawyer.

JACK BURTON
She's a what?

WANG CHI
There!

27-B

27-B THEIR P.O.V. THROUGH PETERBILT WINDSHIELD

Up ahead, a flash of Pontiac red...

JACK BURTON
Ah, ha...you can run but you can't hide...

WIPE! A TRAILWAYS cuts Jack off! And when it clears...no Firebird.

JACK BURTON
That is not fair.

28

28 EXT. EMBARCADERO FREEWAY - DAY

The Firebird looking for trouble, SCREAMING PAST CAMERA, toward an off ramp, the city waiting to swallow it up.

29

29 INT. PETERBILT - DAY

JACK BURTON
I don't see 'em. I refuse to believe this. I lost 'em.

WANG CHI
They got this sort of clubhouse thing, you know? Where they all hang out.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

Jack looks at Wang Chi.

JACK BURTON
And sharpen their knives, huh?

WANG CHI
I can't ask you to...

JACK BURTON
Where is it?

WANG CHI
Thank you, Jack.

30 EXT. EMBARCADERO FREEWAY - DAY 30

Now Jack's Peterbilt RUMBLES BY CAMERA, toward that same off ramp, down into the city.

31 EXT. GRANT AVENUE - DAY 31

Gateway to Chinatown...early morning TOURISTS on the hoof... A FUNNY BUS covered with garish paintings of The Eight Immortals surrounded by hot yellow script announcing EGG FOO YUNG TOURS...meandering picturesquely down this post card thoroughfare:

32 INT. FUNNY BUS - DAY 32

The proprietor himself at the wheel, EGG SHEN, a peculiar talkative little charmer born in Canton, China, longer ago than he'd care to remember.

EGG SHEN
From Peking and from Canton, from all over China the men with Gold Rush fever flooded into California, to Gum Shan... Mountain of Gold. Leaving behind their wives and children...

33 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - DAY 33

The Firebird bearing down on us, BLASTING PAST CAMERA.

34 INT. FUNNY BUS - DAY 34

EGG SHEN
...working for years upon the railroad, they saved their pennies and sent for their families to help build the beautiful Chinatown you see right outside your window this morning...

35 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - DAY 35

Jack Burton's Peterbilt thundering through the same intersection that Firebird just negotiated!

36 INT. FUNNY BUS - DAY 36

EGG SHEN
...the old and the new side by side, open-air markets, Chinese vegetables, fresh pork, fresh fish, sausages and winter melon soup. How many of you have tried shark's fin soup?

Only one FAT MAN raises his hand...Egg's PASSENGERS firing off INSTAMATIC FLASHES at the street as Egg turns a corner down Commercial Avenue, a side street...

EGG SHEN
Then later I take you to special restaurant for Chinese...cheeseburger.

37 P.O.V. THROUGH FUNNY BUS WINDSHIELD 37

Watch out, Egg! Jack's Peterbilt suddenly coming right at him!

38 EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET - DAY 38

As the funny bus swerves on to the sidewalk, the Peterbilt ROARING BY...!

39 INT. PETERBILT - DAY 39

...Jack Burton and Wang Chi! Driving as fast as they can on these tiny Chinatown streets, turning right off to Commercial on to Grant Street.

40 EXT. GRANT STREET - DAY 40

A LONG LENS SHOT OF the huge Peterbilt gliding down Grant Street.

41 INT. PETERBILT - DAY 41

Jack Burton trying to negotiate the truck through the crowded street...

WANG CHI
Go right, down that alley. Lords of Death. Down that way!

JACK BURTON
What alley?

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: 41

WANG CHI
Go right now, Jack!

42 EXT. GRANT STREET - DAY 42*

And Jack squeezes a tight right turn off Grant into a small side alley.

43 OUT 43

44 EXT. NARROW LANE - DAY 44

At the far end of this long narrow brick passage...looking back at Jack's big truck squeezing onto the scene in the distance, coming in off Kearny and leaving behind the public, touristy hustle and bustle...

CLOSER ON PETERBILT, slouching past a wall plastered with Chinese political posters, smeared with Oriental graffiti, everything suddenly so foreign, so forbidding, we might easily be in Hong Kong...FOG ROLLING IN.

45 INT. PETERBILT - DAY 45

JACK BURTON
Kinda...strange back here, no?

WANG CHI
Not really.

Jack having glanced to his left during the above and come eyeball-to-eyeball with an OLD CHINESE LADY sitting on her first-floor tenement balcony, her meat cleaver chopping away at a dead duck...CHINESE MUSIC playing on a scratchy record somewhere deep inside...

JACK BURTON
(out his window)
Excuse me, Ma'am, but I don't suppose you saw...

SLAM! Her shutter snaps in Jack's face. OTHER SHUTTERS up and down the alley begin closing too, as THE SOUND OF SMALL CYMBALS comes up...

WANG CHI
Keep moving, Jack...

JACK BURTON
(rolling ahead)
It looked to me like first these Lords of Death, what they wanted was to grab somebody else, you know? That other girl. Then they settled for...what's her name...?

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: 45

WANG CHI
Miao Yin. I must find her, Jack, before they...

SLAM AGAIN! But this time it's Jack hitting his brakes! There's a BAREFOOT FIGURE standing right in front of him, ghostly in the swirling fog, an image from ancient China, cloaked in a RED TURBAN and a voluminous black suit.

46 EXT. FOGGY ALLEYS - DAY 46

Having come from an intersecting alleyway, this red-turbaned OLD MAN moves on, followed by more of his ilk, but younger, a DOZEN CHINESE WARRIORS, solemn and unsettling...THE SOUND OF CYMBALS AND A DRUM behind them.

47 INT. PETERBILT - DAY 47

JACK BURTON
What the hell is it, a parade?

WANG CHI
A funeral.

MORE OF THEM STILL...several carrying Chinese standards... several carrying ancient musical instruments.

WANG CHI
A fighting tong. They're Chang Sings.

THE CASKET...FOUR PRIESTS chanting prayers hold it aloft...a DOZEN MALE AND FEMALE MOURNERS follow, beating their breasts, stripped almost naked in their ritualized grief, one man carrying a beautiful PAPER HORSE in tribute to his fallen leader...

JACK BURTON
Holy shit...

...this whole unearthly procession by now having yanked us almost completely out of the twentieth century, Jack's Peterbilt our only touchstone. Quietly, wisely...

JACK BURTON
Maybe we should try a different alley, whadda you...

Jack's voice catching in his throat because in his big fender-mounted REARVIEW MIRROR he can see...

...YELLOW TURBANS coming out of the fog. And these guys have weapons...LONG KNIVES, MEAT CLEAVERS, SAWED-OFF SHOTGUNS, AND AUTOMATIC RIFLES...putting us right back in the twentieth century...sort of.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: 47

JACK BURTON
Wang. Do these fellas, these -- Sing Dings... *

WANG CHI
Chang Sings. *

JACK BURTON
Right. Do they have some enemies?

WANG CHI
Wing Kong. *

JACK BURTON
Who wear yellow turbans?

WANG CHI
How did you...?

A YELLOW TURBAN going by Wang Chi's window. CHARGE! Jack locks his door, lunges across Wang Chi and locks the passenger door as outside a battle is joined!

48 EXT. FOGGY ALLEYS - DAY 48

Nightmarish...the guys in those red turbans, the Chang Sing, no slouches either, armed to the teeth underneath their black clothing...HATCHETS, LUGERS, WALTHER AUTOMATICS appearing...mourners and priests scattering...the casket crashing to the ground at a grotesque angle!

49 INT. PETERBILT - DAY 49

GUNSHOTS! A BULLET piercing Jack's windshield and punching into the space between him and Wang Chi! Chinese tong warriors slashing at each other left and right, bounding off Jack's hood onto his roof! The whole thing so surreal that...CRASH! A HATCHET SMASHING THE WINDOW near Jack's ear! Not surreal...all <u>too</u> real.

50 EXT. FOGGY ALLEYS - DAY 50

The Peterbilt lurching forward, separating one group of combatants, throwing another group together...

...THE Chang Sing in their red turbans rallying, coming out on top as the fighting spreads into several alleyways ...a Wing Kong body count starting to mount.

51 INT. PETERBILT - DAY 51

Jack trying to wedge his big truck down another alley... MORE COMBAT COMING AT THEM! A NAKED CHINESE GIRL FLYING BY!

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: 51

JACK BURTON
Where the hell are the police?!

WANG CHI
Police never come back here! Too dangerous!

JACK BURTON
So what're we doin'?!

A CRACK OF THUNDER! At least that's what it sounds like, up ahead, and the concussion rocks the truck like an earthquake...the alley darkening with JET-BLACK SMOKE!

52 EXT. FOGGY ALLEYS - DAY 52

...SMOKE AND FOG giving way to a HURTLING FORM...FAT AND FRIGHTENING, A CHINESE SUMO...call him THUNDER!

A BLAST OF LIGHT! From where it comes, no one knows, but it's hot as magnesium and big as a stick of kynamite going off in your fist! LIGHTNING! That's his name, this second new arrival, tall, thin, dressed in shimmering gold and swinging through the sudden glow on a metal line from a roof top!

RAIN APPEARS! Not water from the sky, but a man from nowhere, the last member of this unholy triumverate... known as The Storms. *

53 INT. PETERBILT - DAY 53

Jack unzips his pant leg, pulls out his survival knife.

WANG CHI
No questions! Just get outta here, Jack, get outta here! *

54 EXT. FOGGY ALLEYS - DAY 54

The Chang Sing freeze in their tracks. Jack gunning his Peterbilt right at these apparitions...the Storms parting like bullfighters to let him pass! *

55 INT. PETERBILT - DAY 55

OUT THROUGH JACK'S WINDSHIELD as, last in line, Rain somersaults clear in his many-pocketed brown robe and rice field straw hat!

56 EXT. PETERBILT - DAY 56

As Rain lands behind the truck...the truck roaring on.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: 56

RESIDUAL SMOKE AND FOG cutting down Jack's visibiltiy... giving him no warning that he's about to mow down...

...the most astounding creature you ever saw...LO PAN... a magical Mandarin, regal and ferocious all at once, and tall...seven feet tall, planted in that fog-bound alley like a colossus, sublimely unperturbed, taking the front bumper of Jack's Peterbilt upon his chest like a warm summer breeze!

57 INT. PETERBILT - DAY 57

Jack on his brakes again! But it's too late this time! WHAMMO and he ploughs right through LO PAN! Swerves to a halt! Rolls down his window and looks back...

JACK'S P.O.V...LO PAN unharmed, turning to regard Jack with a smile that RADIATES A BRILLIANT, BLINDING LIGHT...

...driving Jack back inside his truck, his hands covering his eyes...

WANG CHI
Don't look, Jack!

JACK BURTON
I already did!

WANG CHI
Don't!

JACK BURTON
I won't. Who...I mean, what...?

WANG CHI
Lo Pan. Drive.

JACK BURTON
I can't see...

WANG CHI
Drive, Jack Burton!

Half-blinded, Jack hits the gas, caroms his Peterbilt off the alley wall and out into a large junkyard of a parking lot behind rows of crumbling Chinatown tenements.

58 EXT. JUNKYARD LOT - DAY 58

The truck stops, Jack practically falling out, still half-blinded, heading for a puddle, a muddy pothole of water that he splashes into his eyes as Wang Chi hurries to his side...

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: 58

WANG CHI
It's okay, it's okay, it's only temporary. Shit, now I'm never gonna get Miao Yin back! *

JACK BURTON
I drove right through him, how the hell could I drive right through him...? *

Wang suddenly focusing hard on the American. *

WANG CHI
You didn't. It only appeared that way. *

Sitting on his butt, Jack looks up at his Chinese friend.

JACK BURTON
Bullshit.

THREE CARS pull into the lot. TWO DODGE CHARGERS and that all-too-familiar PONTIAC FIREBIRD...TEN LORDS OF DEATH... joined by an eleventh on an outrageous EASY-RIDER CHOPPER.

JACK BURTON
I'm goin' home. Keep your money.

ONE EAR
Hey, Wang Chi!

...Jack getting to his feet...The Lords of Death advancing ...with HANDGUNS...WALTHERS, LUGERS, a smattering of .38's...

JACK BURTON
They know your name...

WANG CHI
That's not good. Let's go.

Jack's looking at the advancing gang, turning now to find Wang Chi off and running...the gang running...Jack running! A GUNSHOT!

59 EXT. FOGGY ALLEYS - DAY 59

Wang Chi flying like the wind...Jack catching up...the Lords of Death in hot pursuit...the guy with that motorcycle starting it up! ANOTHER GUNSHOT!

JACK BURTON
My truck!

WANG CHI
Forget it!

(CONTINUED)

59

59 CONTINUED:

JACK BURTON

No!

They round a corner, right back where that tong war was raging...but now it's over, as fast as it began... red-turbaned Chang Sing casualties strewn left and right...

WANG CHI

There!

And Wang Chi dives for cover through a bashed-out rathole of a basement window! Jack looks back...he can HEAR THAT MOTORCYCLE BEARING DOWN!

60

60 INT. TENEMENT BASEMENT - DAY

Dark and dank...Wang Chi hiding...Jack Burton wedging his almost-too-big American body through the small window:

61

61 EXT. FOGGY ALLEYS - DAY

...just in time. A Lord of Death arrives on his cycle... screams right through the stunned Chang Sing casualties!

62

62 INT. TENEMENT BASEMENT - DAY

Jack out of breath, leaning against a foul old wall... and right up against a WOUNDED CHANG SING!

JACK BURTON

Jesus!

The man puts his hand over Jack's mouth...RUNNING FOOTSTEPS OUTSIDE...SLOWING DOWN...CHINESE VOICES...LORDS OF DEATH.

63

63 EXT. FOGGY ALLEYS - DAY

Needles and One Ear demanding answers from the wounded, decimated Chang Sing...kicking one of them, almost starting another fight, but the sensible Joe Lucky pulling his pals away.

64

64 INT. TENEMENT BASEMENT - DAY

WANG CHI

Lords of Death controlled by Wing Kong, Jack. Lords of Death just errand boys for the Wing Kong. *

JACK BURTON

But who wiped out all those red turbans up there...? I mean those guys were winning.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: 64

Wang Chi quizzes the wounded Chang Sing in their midst...

WANG CHI
He says it was the Storms. The Three Storms.

JACK BURTON
Three guys did all that? What about that other...whatever it was I ran right... *

THE BASEMENT LIGHTS POP ON...a string of bare bulbs exposing everything, making the RATS scurry! It's a big basement...FIGURES coming down a richety staircase way across the room...

WANG CHI
Fast!

And fast it is! Wang Chi ducking into a HOLE in the foundation...Jack looking at the approaching FIGURES through those bare bulbs...ONE EAR...NEEDLES.

65 INT. ADJOINING CRAWL SPACE - DAY 65

Jack squirming in after Wang Chi...it's so Goddamn dark and slimy. A SCREAM...way behind them. That wounded Chang Sing.

66 EXT. FOGGY ALLEY - DAY 66

Out squirms Wang Chi, looking like a mud wrestler, enlarging a too-small rotted air vent in the side of what should be a condemned building but instead probably shelters a dozen families. This is Chinatown too...

...and Jack Burton's getting the royal tour, forcing his body out the opening next, Wang Chi yanking on the big, slippery American...The two pulling themselves together, staggering off in a direction of Wang Chi's choosing...

WANG CHI
Lucky us. We made it, Jack.

JACK BURTON
Where's my truck...? I'm outta here. *

Jack practically on his face, caked with more mud and debris than Wang Chi if that's possible.

WANG CHI
You don't wanna go back there now, Jack. They got their cars there. Isn't your truck insured?

JACK BURTON
Of course, it is. That's not the...

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: 66

WANG CHI
Then smart man gets it later.

JACK BURTON
Smart man calls the cops.

WANG CHI
Cops got better things to do than get killed.

JACK
Hey, so do I.

67 EXT. DRAGON OF THE BLACK POOL - DAY 67

A DEEP RUMBLE OF THUNDER...RAIN splashing down upon Wang Chi's restaurant in a row of older restaurants... their illuminated plastic signs glowing in the thick air.

68 INT. DRAGON OF THE BLACK POOL - DAY 68

The kitchen. Hair squeaky clean, scruffy face scrubbed and body clothed in an old Chinese robe, Jack Burton's at a wall phone watching his clothes dry on a line strung over the stove while he trys to reach...

JACK BURTON
MUTUAL FIDELITY INSURERS of Sacramento. There's gotta be a listing. I pay 'em $6,000 a year in premiums.

Wang Chi at a big table, lunching with THE CHINESE STAFF...

UNCLE CHU
Lo Pan is his own law.

Uncle Chu is the chef at The Dragon of the Black Pool, and when Uncle Chu talks, people listen.

JACK BURTON
(from the phone)
With all due respect, Uncle Chu, this here is the United States of America in the twentieth century where we got laws against stealin' women and trucks and settin' off massive electrical charges in back alleys, right?
(into the phone)
What? Gimme that again, please, operator. I was talkin'...

UNCLE CHU
China is here, Mr. Burton. The Chang Sing, the Wing Kong, they been fighting for centuries.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: 68

JACK BURTON
(dialing)
What does that mean, 'China is here'? I don't even know what the hell that means. All I know is this Lo Pan character comes outta thin air in the middle of a Goddamn alley while his buddies are flyin' around on wires, cutting everybody to shreds and he just stands there so I can drive my truck right through him?! With light comin' outta his mouth?!

WANG CHI
Jack, please...

A BIG CRACK OF THUNDER...BLUE LIGHTNING making the electricity come and go...Uncle Chu disturbed...

UNCLE CHU
When did this happen?

WANG CHI
It didn't, Uncle Chu. Not like he...

JACK BURTON
Yes it did, Uncle Chu. Two hours ago. Tall guy. Weird clothes. First you see him, then you don't.
(into phone)
Hello, is this just a switchboard? I mean do you have an agent there on duty to take a claim? I can barely hear you with this storm...

UNCLE CHU
Lo Pan appeared on the street? Wang Chi, why didn't you tell me?

WANG CHI
I didn't want to alarm you, Uncle. I have to find Miao Yin before they sell her to...

JACK BURTON
You don't sell people anymore in this country...

WANG CHI
You do in...

(CONTINUED)

JACK BURTON
And don't tell me this isn't this country, it's Chinatown.

WANG CHI
Okay. I won't.

JACK BURTON
(to Uncle Chu)
Just tell me who Lo Pan is. And tell me straight.
(into phone)
Hello! Great! Look, I'm gonna tell you about an accident and I don't wanna hear 'Act of God,' okay? What's your name? Mine's Jack Burton.

UNCLE CHU
Ha, straight. If only. The last breath has gone and with his empty hands Lo Pan must face the king of hell, Mr. Burton. And in the terrors of hell his lonely soul can only cry.

EDDIE LEE breaking the mood, barging in the back kitchen door, folding an umbrella. An American-born Chinese, Eddie Lee likes three-piece suits and loud floral ties.

WANG CHI
Eddie Lee, meet my dear friend Jack Burton. Eddie Lee is the maitre 'd here at The Black Pool.

EDDIE LEE
And a whole lot more.

JACK BURTON
(into phone)
I don't know my policy number. It's in my glove compartment. Look under B-U-R-T-O-N.

EDDIE LEE
Jack Burton? Boy, the guy you always tell me about, huh? Whew. Then that was your abandoned truck.

JACK BURTON
Abandoned, like hell.
(into phone)
Hello? Hello?! Ah, shit!

Jack slams the phone into its cradle!

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: (3) 68

EDDIE LEE
Bad news. The Lords of Death stole it after you ran away.

JACK BURTON
Why didn't I know that? Why didn't I think they were just washin' and waxin' it for me?

WANG CHI
Take it easy, Jack, you're with friends. We'll find it for you.

JACK BURTON
You're damn right you will! And my money! You know, time is money to a guy like me. And your phone is dead, by the way!

WANG CHI
Jack, how do you think I feel, Jack? I lost a whole girl!

Jack's worked himself up, onto his feet...stopping dead in his tracks because now he alone SEES A SPECTRAL FIGURE come in from the storm, through the backdoor, of course... a STOOPED OLD WOMAN, rain glistening off her crimson oilcloth shroud, her face obscured by a damp scarf wrapped protectively about her head...

EDDIE LEE
(digging into the food)
The Lords of Death, they were only on this stupid joy ride, see, not acting on any orders from the Wing Kong. They just wanted a girl to sell. And Miao Yin got in the way. Plus I found out that skirmish you guys stumbled into? Lo Pan, the word is, ordered the boss of the Chang Sings, Mr. Lem Lee, assassinated. That was his funeral.

(CONTINUED)

WANG CHI
It was a war, Eddie.

During the above, the old woman's been transforming herself, shaking free of her unnerving disguise...straightening up... the American Girl from the airport.

GRACIE LAW
(to Jack alone)
Don't panic. It's only me...
Gracie Law...

JACK BURTON
Just happen to be in the neighborhood on a dark and stormy night?

GRACIE LAW
This is my neighborhood.

EDDIE LEE
Sure, it was a war. Because Lo Pan said Lem Lee was a man without honor and if they tried to give him a funeral...

Jack having closed in on Gracie Law, intrigued.

JACK BURTON
You do have green eyes. For a lawyer.

GRACIE LAW
What...?

EDDIE LEE
...then anybody that showed up was gonna join Lem Lee in The Hell of Being Cut to Pieces.

JACK BURTON
(turning)
The Hell of Being what?

EDDIE LEE
The Chinese have a lotta hells.

UNCLE CHU
Hell of Boiling Oil. Hell of the Vast Colt. What the hell is Gracie Law doing in here?

JACK BURTON
She can't get enough of me.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: (4)

GRACIE LAW
He wishes. Look, you know me, I'm always poking my nose where it doesn't belong, and as a result, I admit it, this mix-up is my fault, sort of. But I've got it on good advice those punks that jumped me and ripped off your truck? They took the girl they kidnapped over to The White Tiger's for a quick sale. Who was she?

WANG CHI
(alarmed)
My fiancee...The White Tiger's?

GRACIE LAW
God, I'm sorry. If we get over there tonight fast, maybe we can buy her back. A search warrant's too complicated, and violence is out of the question...

JACK BURTON
Hold it, hold it...slow down. I'm feelin' a little like an outsider here...

GRACIE LAW
You <u>are</u>. Do you have any idea of what The White Tiger's like?

JACK BURTON
Of course not!

WANG CHI
Jack, listen. I need more of your help. I can't pay you today, okay? How can I? I need all my cash for Miao Yin.

EDDIE LEE
And it's gonna cost. She's got green eyes.

GRACIE LAW
Oh, no. Seriously? That's an extra to these people. Like leather bucket seats. Double the price.

JACK BURTON
<u>What</u> people? Look, this Lo Pan I ran over...<u>through</u>...

UNCLE CHU
...has spirit medium powers. Like the Immortals. His flesh and his bones are atomized. He becomes a dream.

68 CONTINUED: (5) 68

Jack looks at Uncle Chu, unnerved.

WANG CHI
That's an exaggeration, Jack. I promise...Please...help me, okay? I have a great idea. *

69-73 OUT 69-73

74 EXT. CHINATOWN TENEMENT - NIGHT 74

It's still RAINING, and down this sinister back alleyway it really looks like Hong Kong tonight. A CADILLAC appears, splashing water and forcing a few LONELY PEDESTRIANS closer to the shadowy brick walls. The Cadillac pulls up across the street from a tall Chinese tenement building.

75 INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT 75

Eddie's behind the wheel, Wang Chi riding shotgun. In back with Gracie Law is a transformed Jack Burton, "disguised" in one of Eddie's loud ties and this Ozzie Nelson sportscoat scrounged from God-knows-where...all staring across the street at that tenement...

GRACIE LAW
Relax.

JACK BURTON
I am relaxed.

GRACIE LAW
Because this nonsense about running over David Lo Pan? Somebody's pulling your leg. *

JACK BURTON
David Lo Pan? David?

From the front...

WANG CHI
It's all up to you now, Jack. My destiny rests in your capable hands.

JACK BURTON
I'll do my best.

EDDIE LEE
Thing is to make 'em drop their guard.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: 75

JACK BURTON
I'll try.

WANG CHI
Thing is to look stupid.

GRACIE LAW
He does. Okay, Burton, on your toes. The White Tiger is a major slime bag. She's a pimp and a slave trader that lives in a big condo somewhere on the hill and lets this Tibetan maniac named Mrs. O'Toole do her dirty work, buy and sell girls from Hong Kong. Some even from the mainland, mostly kidnapped but some sold by their own families if you can believe that.

JACK BURTON
You don't really live around here, right, come on...?

GRACIE LAW
Why not? This is where I work. Look, here's as far as I go because I'm a dead giveaway, see. I'd go in there with you but they know my face, all these slavers, and they wanna push it in.

JACK BURTON
Not while I'm around.

GRACIE LAW
Thanks, but no thanks. Just don't blow it, Jack Burton, I'm counting on you.

76 INT. TENEMENT PARLOR - NIGHT 76

A TIBETAN LADY meets an open-faced Jack Burton lugging up the stairs, fresh off the bus from Anytown, U.S.A.

JACK BURTON
Boy, sure is raining cats and dogs.

The Tibetan Lady looks at Jack. His move.

JACK BURTON
Cab driver said, I mean, he told me I could...that The White Tiger would...

TIBETAN LADY
Just a minute, please.

77 INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT 77

Wang Chi and Eddie Lee and Gracie Law...waiting...A SHABBY OLD GREEN DATSUN pulls over to the curb ahead of them.

GRACIE LAW
Excuse me a second, okay, guys? I think I know that car.

And she hops out, heads for the green Datsun.

EDDIE LEE
Strange girl.

No response.

EDDIE LEE
Whew, Uncle Chu's real bent outta shape about this Lo Pan business, huh?

Wang Chi is staring at the tenement, and it's almost like he doesn't even hear Eddie.

WANG CHI
Uncle Chu lives in the past.

EDDIE LEE
I hope so. *

78 INT. DATSUN - NIGHT 78

Gracie piles into the passenger seat. The driver's an earnest young freelance journalist called MARGO LITZENBERGER.

GRACIE LAW
That building there. 'The White Tiger.'

MARGO LITZENBERGER
God, it's creepy. Do we actually have to go in because I will if we have to. I'll go anywhere and do anything to get my story.

GRACIE LAW
Just sit tight. They all come and go smack through the front door.

MARGO LITZENBERGER
That is disgusting. What kind of people...

GRACIE LAW
You'd be surprised. We got one of our best men inside right now stirring the pot.

79 INT. TENEMENT PARLOR - NIGHT 79

Jack Burton meeting the proprietor, a female Fu Manchu... THE WHITE TIGER herself.

JACK BURTON
How do you do, Ma'am? Henry Swanson is my name. Excitement's my game.

A BEAUTIFUL CHINESE GIRL in black lingerie passes through the room behind The White Tiger, momentarily distracting our Jack.

THE WHITE TIGER
Cash or charge?

The old Chinese Lady who let Jack in has meanwhile handed him a stack of remarkably candid 8x10 glossies...The White Tiger catalogue, if you will.

JACK BURTON
Oh, gosh. Cash, I guess. I mean it's not deductible, huh?

Jack laughs like a horse, looks at the pictures...

THE WHITE TIGER
Mrs. O'Toole will take care of your needs.

Meaning the old Tibetan Lady...The White Tiger excusing herself, heading down a corridor but not yet out of earshot when Jack announces: *

JACK BURTON
Boy, you know I wish these were in color because what I really am sort of in the mood for is a girl with green eyes.

Green eyes. The White Tiger pulls up short. And Jack sees that, keeps at Mrs. O'Toole...

JACK BURTON
Price is no object, Mrs. O'Toole. Fresh off the boat's the way I like 'em. The more exotic the better...little green eyes... *

MRS. O'TOOLE
Chinese girls don't come with green eyes.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: 79

JACK BURTON
That's not what I hear. What I hear is that the rarest beauties, the most intelligent young ladies...
(an evil wink)
...the hottest tamales, all have green eyes.

MRS. O'TOOLE
Where you hear thing like that?

JACK BURTON
On TV. What do you think? Any prospects?

Mrs. O'Toole trades a fast glance with The White Tiger... Jack's eagle eye picking up on it...

MRS. O'TOOLE
No green eyes yet. Maybe next week.

JACK BURTON
What, you got one on order?

The White Tiger has moved off, vanished, all this intrigue registering with Jack.

80 INT. TENEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT 80

The White Tiger moving down a corridor, hitting a panel.

81 INT. SECRET PASSAGE - NIGHT 81

The White Tiger entering a passage so narrow her shoulders touch the walls as she travels to a heavy door, unlocks a fat lock:

82 INT. TINY ROOM - NIGHT 82

More like a cell, plaster cracked off the walls, a single bare bulb shining down on...

...Miao Yin! The unfortunate girl is gagged and lashed to a terrible little bed. Bruises dot her face and her hair's a fright.

THE WHITE TIGER
Too bad, too bad you look so awful, my little jade doll. But soon, when you're nice and healthy...

The White Tiger being so kind, swabbing Miao Yin's brow with a damp cloth...

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: 82

THE WHITE TIGER
...we will make so much money together.

83 EXT. CHINATOWN TENEMENT - NIGHT 83

A WELL-HEELED PATRON exiting...A PRIEST entering.

84 INT. DATSUN - NIGHT 84

MARGO LITZENBERGER
Oh, my God, this is like unreal.

GRACIE LAW
Just write it all down, Margo, get yourself a Pulitzer. Then we take 'em to the cleaners. *

85 INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT 85

WANG CHI
Too long. Let's go in.

EDDIE LEE
It's only been ten minutes. Give the guy a chance.

86 INT. TENEMENT ROOM - NIGHT 86

Jack Burton sitting on a bed in a nicely done-up private chamber...watching a CHINESE GIRL in a loose kimono performing the most intriguing, erotic bathing ritual with a steaming basin, some overly ripe persimmons, and a sea sponge...

JACK BURTON
So how long you been in the U.S. of A.?

CHINESE GIRL
Three month.

JACK BURTON
Where from?

CHINESE GIRL
Hong Kong.

JACK BURTON
What happens, you stay here awhile, new girls come in, old girls leave?

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: 86

CHINESE GIRL
Maybe. Take off your tie, please.

Jack starts to remove Eddie's hideous tie...

JACK BURTON
I know what you mean. My wife gave it to me for...

KABOOM! The whole Goddammed building shakes! Like an earthquake!

87 INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT 87

Only it's not. Wang Chi jumping out.

88 EXT. CHINESE TENEMENT - NIGHT 88

Gracie and Margo scrambling from the Datsun to see...

...AN UNREAL GREEN BALL OF ENERGY PULSING IN THE RAIN ATOP THE TENEMENT ROOF!

Wang Chi already across the street, pounding on The White Tiger's door, trying to get in!

89 INT. TENEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT 89

Panic reigns...GIRLS and their CUSTOMERS certain the world is ending...Jack in the thick of it...looking up through creaking timbers and a shower of collapsing plaster out into the night where...

JACK'S P.O.V...THE STORMS are descending! THUNDER the cause of that ghastly green light...RAIN in his charming rice field hat dropping straight through the ceiling!

90 INT. NARROW PASSAGE - NIGHT 90

The White Tiger running back the way she came...hurled forward by the force of a MAGNESIUM WHITE EXPLOSION behind her...in that little room where Miao Yin's held captive!

91 EXT. CHINESE TENEMENT - NIGHT 91 *

Gracie arrives! Margo Litzenberger and Eddie Lee encountering each other in the street...

MARGO LITZENBERGER
What happened?

EDDIE LEE
The Storms!

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: 91

MARGO LITZENBERGER
The who?

Eddie and Wang Chi squaring off at the door...shoulders first! The thing flies right off the hinges! *

92 INT. TINY ROOM - NIGHT 92

Plaster falling in...LIGHTNING dropping down a wire, his knife slicing Miao Yin's bonds, scooping her up, swinging her out of the room like a blur!

93 INT. TENEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT 93

Jack running after Rain through the chaos, grabbing him, landing two fairly good punches in the face before Rain knocks Jack back with a chop! Rain moving again, Jack diving for him! Rain sommersaulting! Jack slamming into the wall, crumpling to the floor, looking up to see...

...JACK'S P.O.V...RAIN VAULTING right back up through a hole in that wasted roof...joining LIGHTNING AND MIAO YIN in midflight! ANOTHER BLINDING GREEN BLAST...

...just as Wang Chi and Gracie Law reach this floor!

WANG CHI
Jack!

JACK BURTON
I saw her!

WANG CHI
Miao Yin? Where?

Jack points. They look up. Rain pouring in through the ceiling...REAL RAIN, not some apparition in a rice field straw hat.

94 INT. GRACIE'S PLACE - NIGHT 94

The door unlocking, Gracie turning on the lights, Wang Chi and Eddie Lee helping a dazed Jack Burton inside... Margo Litzenberger the last in...

JACK BURTON
...green explosions, people flying in and out...that was <u>not</u> real an' I wanna talk to the cops...I want my <u>truck</u>! Where the hell am I? *

GRACIE LAW
My office. Sit down. *

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: 94

He does, in a big modern armchair that at once starts rocking on hidden rails, nauseating him, the whole place spinning for Jack...books piled everywhere, very little furniture, a TV...a bed. *

JACK BURTON *
You sleep in your office?

MARGO LITZENBERGER
What I need to get straight is were these guys, I mean these Storms, what are they? Magicians?

EDDIE LEE
Yeah, sort of. It's hard to explain.

JACK BURTON *
Try real hard.

GRACIE LAW
(to Jack)
Here. Drink.

From the refrigerator, she's handed Jack a glass of...

JACK BURTON
What is it?

GRACIE LAW
Protein powder, skim milk, a little dried seahorse and some ground deer horn.

JACK BURTON
Oh, come on, huh? Forget it.

GRACIE LAW
Hey, suit yourself, Burton. It's your body.

WANG CHI
If the Storms have Miao Yin then there's only one place they took her.

GRACIE LAW
Lo Pan?

WANG CHI
Yes.

MARGO LITZENBERGER
Lo Pan?

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: (2) 94

GRACIE LAW
The Godfather of Little China.
Mr. David Lo Pan.

MARGO LITZENBERGER
David Lo Pan? You mean the David Lo Pan that's chairman of the National Orient Bank and owns the Wing Kong Import/Export Trading Company but who's so reclusive that never mind he controls a dozen restaurants, funeral homes and movie theatres and supports candidates of both major parties, no one's even laid eyes on this guy in years?

JACK BURTON
Hey, I have. I ran my truck straight through him this morning.

Jack staring at Wang Chi...at Gracie...

MARGO LITZENBERGER
Straight through him?

JACK BURTON
Who the hell are you anyway?

MARGO LITZENBERGER
Margo Litzenberger. I'm with the Berkeley People's Herald. *

JACK BURTON *
The what? *

GRACIE LAW
I've been trying to get somebody, anybody, from the press to listen to me about this, Burton.

A door opens...and a familiar Chinese girl appears, listening to all the commotion...Tara. In a nightgown.

GRACIE LAW
And it's just not possible you actually saw David Lo Pan because the bastard's afraid to show his face. He's got more enemies than... *

WANG CHI
He's got Miao Yin. I'm going over there and get her back.

Eddie stops Wang Chi!

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: (3) 94

EDDIE LEE
What, are you nuts?

JACK BURTON
(spotting Tara)
Who's that?

GRACIE LAW
It's all right, Tara, go back to sleep.

(CONTINUED)

JACK BURTON
(realizing)
From the airport!

Tara vanishes again.

GRACIE LAW
This morning, sure. That's what I was doing there, protecting her civil rights, making sure she gets a chance because, see, this is a safe house for girls just coming over, no friends, no family. Like me once. I was born in China. My parents were missionaries. It's a real tear-jerker, three hankies. They got massacred. And I came back to the States three feet tall and all alone.

JACK BURTON
And grew up to fuck up everybody's life.

GRACIE LAW
Hey, it's either me or prostitution for girls like Tara. Lo Pan's in on that too.

MARGO LITZENBERGER
This is just so shocking, I mean I must just be so monumentally naive.

EDDIE LEE
You are.

GRACIE LAW
So then now we have to grab your fiancee back fast before they...

JACK BURTON
Hold it.

Silence. Jack has spoken. But he hasn't said enough.

JACK BURTON
I am a...reasonable fella. I have just experienced some very... unreasonable things.

GRACIE LAW
Depends on how you look at it.

(CONTINUED)

JACK BURTON
THE HELL IT DOES!
(silence)
So somebody...I don't care who...
tell me what...is...going...on?

More silence. MORE THUNDER AND LIGHTNING OUTSIDE...the power starting that weird fade out, fade in again...

WANG CHI
The truth?

JACK BURTON
I can take it.

WANG CHI
We don't know.

Jack looks at his friend, realizes he means it. So Jack looks at the potion Gracie's concoted...and he drinks the stuff, one long swallow, everybody watching him smack his lips, conclude:

JACK BURTON
Too much dried seahorse.
(a deep breath)
Okay, I get the picture. White Tigers, Lords of Death, guys in funny suits throwing plastic explosives while poison arrows fall from the sky and the pillars of Heaven shake! Sure, okay, I see! Charlie Chan, Fu Manchu and a hundred howling monkeys. And that's just for starters, right? Okay. I'm ready, Goddamn it! Let me at 'em!

Big silence.

JACK BURTON
Or else get me another glass of this stuff and turn on the ballgame.

WANG CHI
I'm going. Now. Alone if I have to.

MARGO LITZENBERGER
Going where? It's almost midnight and it's pouring out.

WANG CHI
Lo Pan's. The Wing Kong exchange.

(CONTINUED)

94

94 CONTINUED: (5)

GRACIE LAW
The Wing Kong Exchange? The most dangerous, depraved, isolated, cut throat den of madmen in Chinatown? You can't just waltz in and outta there like...

WANG CHI
...the wind. Yes, I can, Miss Law, if my mind and my spirits are as one.

JACK BURTON
As two. I said I was coming...

No, he didn't, but now he's trying to get up out of that rocking chair, Gracie helping him...contact. Nice.

GRACIE LAW
I'd go with you, but...

JACK BURTON
I know. There's a problem with your face.
(taking over)
You people...sit tight. Hold the fort. Keep the home fires burning and if we're not back by dawn, call the President.

He smiles at Gracie. Jack's back. Everybody rests easy again.

JACK BURTON
On second thought, can I use your phone?

95

95 EXT. WING KONG TRADING COMPANY - NIGHT

A huge sign identifies the Wing Kong Trading Company. A 24-hour, seven-day-a-week operation. SEVERAL WING KONG TRUCKS coming and going in the RAIN.

TWO FIGURES suddenly massing in the f.g., water dripping off their noses. Jack and Wang Chi.

JACK BURTON
This is gonna take crackerjack timing, Wang.

WANG CHI
Total concentration. You ready, Jack?

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: 95

JACK BURTON
I was born ready.

96 INT. WING KONG RECEIVING DEPARTMENT - NIGHT 96

Antiseptic, bright lights here in the OFFICE, A CHINESE SECURITY GUARD behind a small security desk, TV CAMERAS on the walls, TWO WHITE-COLLAR CHINESE working industriously on desk-top computers as in out of the rain come Jack and Wang Chi...

JACK BURTON
Don't get up, don't get up... phone company.

And to prove it, Jack's got Gracie's whole telephone in his paw, waving it around like a six-pack as they move right toward the security desk...

JACK BURTON
Where's the main panel at? First thing to check is the main panel.

Wang Chi asks the GUARD, in CHINESE, "Where's the main panel at?"

JACK BURTON
Probably through here, huh?

He's gone, down a stairway, into:

OUT 97

97

98 INT. WAREHOUSE/STOREROOM - NIGHT 98

...essentially a large warehouse area. Coming down the stairs, Wang Chi catches up to Jack...

WANG CHI
Good work, Jack. I think they actually fell for it.

A NOISE above Jack and Wang Chi! They whirl! To see a SECURITY CAMERA UP ON A BRACKET...PANNING TO FOLLOW THEM... Were they being observed? For all to hear:

JACK BURTON
Last time we had this problem, it was on account of some squirrels chewing the wires. I gotta locate the central junction box.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: 98

They move past some boxes, away from the TV camera, through a big space crammed to the rafters with CHEAP PLASTER EFFIGIES of Ho Tai, that familiar little pot-bellied God of Happiness. THERE'S ANOTHER DOOR AT THE FAR END...so Wang Chi heads that way...

Hidden from the TV camera now, Wang Chi's listening with his ear to the wooden door, upon which SEVERAL CHINESE CHARACTERS are scribbled...Wang Chi suddenly picking the lock with a pocket knife, Jack making sure they are shielded from the CAMERA...

JACK BURTON
What do these things say?

WANG CHI
Huo-t'ang Ti-yu. Hell of Boiling Oil.

JACK BURTON
You're kidding?

WANG CHI
Yeah, I am. It says 'Keep Out.'

Wang Chi SQUEAKS THE DOOR OPEN...Jack starting to feel sort of vulnerable here. He takes that SURVIVAL KNIFE off his calf.

99 INT. SECOND STOREROOM - NIGHT 99

Wang Chi poking his head inside...this room, like the first, about bursting with HUNDREDS OF PLASTER HO TAIS...No Cameras in here, just DUST AND COBWEBS SMOTHERING EVERYTHING...THIS ROOM A SPIDERY TOMB...

JACK BURTON
I always said to myself, 'Who buys these things?' No one, obviously.

WANG CHI
Look!

Wang Chi's popped on his CIGARETTE LIGHTER, illuminating the floor where the STRANGEST TRACKS are cut through the dust...

...TWO PAIR OF FEET ON EITHER SIDE OF TWO PARALLEL LINES, the lines waving across the storeroom and, with the footsteps, heading right up to a BRICK WALL.

JACK BURTON
Looks like two people...dragged a third...

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

WANG CHI

Miao Yin.

Wang Chi moves up to the brick wall, as Jack spots a STRANGE BAMBOO GRILL in the floor...covering a pipe shaft that drops off into darkness. Wang Chi examines the wall, looking for a way to open it...WHOOSH! It slides ...REVEALING a beat-up ELEVATOR DOOR.

JACK BURTON

Did you do that?

WANG CHI

I guess so. I hope so.

Wang Chi forces the elevator door open.

WANG CHI

Jack, check this out.

100

100 INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

CLOSE ON THE FLOOR-BUTTON PANEL...the numbers reading in the exact opposite direction you'd expect...starting with the "1" at the top...AND DESCENDING THROUGH "7."

JACK BURTON

I don't get it. Is that Chinese or something...counting backwards?

WANG CHI

Not backwards. Downward.

Wang Chi punches a button and THE ELEVATOR STARTS MOVING ...DROPPING...1...2...WHAM! STEEL SHUTTERS CLOSE AROUND THE WALLS AND SUDDENLY THE CAR STOPS DEAD BETWEEN "3" and "4." Jack starts prying his knife in between the doors, trying to open them. Wang Chi working the floor buttons to no avail.

JACK BURTON

It's pitch black out there.

BLINK...and the single bar elevator bulb burns out in a FLASH of blue light. The SCREEN IS IN DARKNESS for a moment until Wang flicks his Bic. Jack eyes the ceiling...

JACK BURTON

We're goin' out through that service hatch an' back up the cable. Does that sound like a brilliant idea or what?

WANG CHI

Jack, the cable is three stories high and covered with grease, Jack.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: 100

JACK BURTON
Exactly. It's real. And we can touch it. So at least we know where we stand, huh?

WANG CHI
Yes. In deep shit.

101 INT. DRAGON OF THE BLACK POOL - NIGHT 101

Eddie Lee having set quite the feast before Gracie and Margo...whole fish Kwangtung-style, a winter melon filled with shark's fin soup...and now...

MARGO LITZENBERGER
Ooo, what's that...?

EDDIE LEE
Crispy-skin whole chicken with green onion bread.

Eddie heads back to the kitchen as Margo digs in.

MARGO LITZENBERGER
He's kinda sexy, huh? A real tough guy type.

GRACIE LAW
Who?

MARGO LITZENBERGER
Who? 'Who?' she asks, knowing perfectly well I mean our Jack.

GRACIE LAW
For God sakes, Margo. The idiot is all muscle.

MARGO LITZENBERGER
I know. Lucky you.

Gracie wants no more of this. She gets up, crosses the dining room, nearly empty at this late hour...

...and walks into the kitchen where Eddie's sitting at a table tallying his receipts on a calculator... Uncle Chu sipping tea and chopping water chestnuts.

GRACIE LAW
Well, life just goes on, huh?

A VOICE
A goat butts against a hedge and its horns become entangled.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: 101

From behind her. Gracie turns around to see Mr. Egg Shen, the enigmatic tour bus driver, sitting in the shadows, smoking his pipe.

GRACIE LAW
I don't think I've had the pleasure. I mean I've seen you driving that tour bus around... *

UNCLE CHU
Miss Gracie Law...Mr. Egg Shen.

EDDIE LEE
Egg's kind of our local authority on Lo Pan. He's helping us out.

GRACIE LAW
How? Eddie, it's been almost two hours. Let's just go over there, beat down the doors and...

UNCLE CHU
No, no, no, Miss Law. We must gather our strength.

EGG SHEN
Because now there are clouds and thunder...

UNCLE CHU
...the image of difficulty at the beginning...

EGG SHEN
But finally we will bring order out of chaos.

102 INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT 102

Jack at the ceiling, struggling with the service hatch, forcing it open just as...THE CAR SUDDENLY RESUMES ITS DESCENT...and here comes the WATER! Seeping in at their feet!

WANG CHI
See? You think they'd let us waltz in and out like the wind? *

JACK BURTON
Yes! I thought that was your whole damn point!

WATER LITERALLY POURING IN NOW...UP TO THEIR KNEES AS the floors creep by...4...5...

102 CONTINUED: 102

WANG CHI
My point is to find Miao Yin at any cost!

JACK BURTON
This is salt water!

WANG CHI
And get your truck back!

UP TO THEIR WAISTS IN SALT WATER...

JACK BURTON
I'll buy another one!

WANG CHI
But there's only one Miao Yin!

IN OVER THEIR HEADS! Wang Chi's lighter snuffed out, his fedora floating off his head, bobbing in the tiny air space left in the car! THE CAMERA GOING UNDERWATER...

...where Jack and Wang Chi struggle at the doors...A CRACK APPEARING:

103 INT. UPSIDE-DOWN HELL - NIGHT 103

It's always night here...in this underwater chamber littered with UPSIDE-DOWN SINNERS hanging by their feet, house-of-horrors nightmares buffeted by the SURGING WATER...that sweeps Jack and Wang Chi out of that elevator...our heroes swimming desperately underwater, searching for air, tangling in the ghastly sinners, coming eye-to-eye with those puckered anguished faces... crabs crawling on them...

...Jack finding the surface first, no idea where on earth he is, spotting A THICK BAMBOO CEILING GRATE a yard above his head, chains running down from its rungs into the water, the chains suspending all those "people" down below...

...A HAND RISING OUT OF THE WATER!

Wang Chi's the Chinese hoisting himself up on a chain, gasping for air...

JACK BURTON
There's light...light up above...

Beyond the grate...Jack pulling himself up:

104 INT. ROOM ABOVE HELL - NIGHT 104

LOOKING DOWN ON JACK...his fingers curling around the grate, his wide-eyed face pulling closer, trying to see something, anything...

FEET IN OLD CHINESE SHOES...stepping INTO FRAME right near Jack's fingers:

105 INT. UPSIDE-DOWN HELL - NIGHT 105

A SHADOW FALLING ACROSS JACK'S FACE...CAPPED WITH A RICE FIELD STRAW HAT.

106 INT. DRAGON OF THE BLACK POOL - LATE NIGHT 106

Long since having said good night to its last customer, the restaurant's become a dimly lighted, mysterious little sanctuary...

Eddie Lee sitting upright in one booth snoring lightly... Margo Litzenberger sound asleep in another, her face on the table amid remains of crispy-skin whole chicken... plates of steamed broccoli, Hunan-style prawns...

...but Gracie Law wide awake, nursing a beer, sitting around a flickering candle with Uncle Chu and Egg Shen.

EGG SHEN
Of course the Chinese mix everything up. Buddhism, Confucianism, alchemy, sorcery...we take what we want, leave the rest. Like a salad bar. *

UNCLE CHU
But the one thing that even David Lo Pan must acknowledge is that all movement in the universe is caused by tension between positive and negative furies.

EGG CHEN
And when these furies are out of balance...

UNCLE CHU
...as they are in Lo Pan who is cursed...

EGG SHEN
...then people turn into demons and live forever.

UNCLE CHU
Moving into the World of Formlessness. Of Dreams. Repulsive and evil and existing only to plague living.

106 CONTINUED: 106

GRACIE LAW
Well then...I mean...are you saying that...is David Lo Pan...what is he? A ghost?

EGG SHEN
...who plays at being a man. A creature of vast, dark, negative power. His own poor wretched soul is scattered in three places, Miss Law.

UNCLE CHU
Heaven...

EGG SHEN
...the grave...

UNCLE CHU
...and the past. Among his ancestors.

Silence.

EDDIE LEE
(out of the blue)
Don't believe a word of it.

Gracie turns, startled. Eddie's awake, rubbing his eyes, looking at his watch.

GRACIE LAW
You don't think any of it's true?

EDDIE LEE
Not really. My uncle does. Egg does. My parents did. And whenever things get real grim, then I do too.
(pause)
It's dawn.
(pause)
I believe it.

107 INT. HELL OF THE RIVER OF ASHES - NIGHT 107

SLAM to the stomach! Jack doubling over, crumbling to the floor in a chamber full of ashes. What hit him? TWO YELLOW-TURBANED WING KONGS drag Jack upright as...

A HAND takes hold of Wang Chi's face, shakes his head back and forth until his punchy eyes open...

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: 107

JACK'S P.O.V. OF WANG CHI...the young Chinese lashed to an OLD WHEELCHAIR...his head being shaken by Rain...

JACK BURTON
Hey, you...

Rain turns, regards Jack, Jack's knees buckling, the two Wing Kongs barely able to hold him up...

JACK BURTON
Com'ere an' fight like a man.

Palm up, Rain makes a fist. Five feet away from Jack, he snaps open his hand...and a DARK RED OBJECT the size of an eight ball materializes, flies out, pounds into Jack's gut! Back on the floor, Jack.

108 INT. PASSAGE DOWNWARD - DAY 108

WHEELS TURNING...Wang Chi and Jack Burton both lashed to old wheelchairs now, dirty blindfolds tight around their eyes as the Wing Kong hatchet men speed them along after Rain, downward along this dank corridor illuminated at intervals by ORDINARY BARE LIGHT BULBS...the procession quickly making a frightful turn through a small opening and into:

109 INT. HONORABLE HALL OF THE INFERNAL JUDGE - DAY 109

...a conference room, actually, when you cut through all the crap...things like a fierce MONGOLIAN WOLF carved from charred timber, various LIFE-SIZE STATUES OF TAOIST FIGURES, some with white beards, some with black, all seated around a big table with a really HUGE DRAGON CHAIR at its head...an empty Dragon Chair...

...Jack and Wang Chi wheeled in and parked facing us, their backs to a wall of TELEVISION MONITORS that broadcast a variety of standard, security-conscious views of The Wing Kong Trading Company.

A SWITCHBLADE comes out of Rain's pocket, CLICK, SLASH, cutting away first Jack's, then Wang Chi's blindfolds from a point right between their eyes!

WANG CHI
Oh, shit, Jack.

JACK BURTON
What?

WANG CHI
I don't like the looks of this.

(CONTINUED)

Rain's moved to the table, picked up a telephone, made a report...Jack whispering...

JACK BURTON
Where are we, Wang? Underneath the...

RAIN
You are nowhere.

The first words Rain's ever spoken. And how did he even hear Jack...? A DOOR ACROSS THE ROOM BLASTS OPEN, bounces against the wall with a brutal crack!

And then silence. Those two Wing Kong hatchet men quickly duck out the way they came in...so does Rain. Leaving Jack and Wang Chi just sitting there hogtied...

WANG CHI
Listen.

A SQUEAKY SOUND...SQUEAKY WHEELS...A HUGE SHADOW COMING THROUGH THE DOORWAY...but getting smaller the closer it gets...until he appears...

...an aging Chinese businessman, confined to a wheelchair like Jack and Wang Chi, but a modern job, all solid state and highly maneuverable as this shrivelled-up old character motors to within a few yards of...

JACK BURTON
Look, we came here to see David Lo Pan...

DAVID LO PAN
And you have succeeded, Mr. Burton.

JACK BURTON
You? I don't get this at all. I thought Lo Pan was...

DAVID LO PAN
Shut up, Mr. Burton. You were not put upon this earth to 'get it.'

JACK BURTON
Get outta here. Lo Pan is...

DAVID LO PAN
...nothing you will ever understand. There are many mysteries, many unanswerable questions in a life even as short as yours.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (2) 109

JACK BURTON
Way I see it, doesn't mean we shouldn't ask. So where's my truck?

DAVID LO PAN
You're looking for a girl, I believe. Not a truck. A girl with green eyes.

WANG CHI
Yes.

DAVID LO PAN
So am I.

David Lo Pan has motored behind them to fine tune one of his TV monitors, stop an annoying roll by pounding the damn thing with his fist!

DAVID LO PAN
Japanese.

WANG CHI
The girl?

DAVID LO PAN
No, this foolish TV. The girl? The girl must be Chinese. She must be quite extraordinary or I'm not about to waste my time.

JACK BURTON
Can't be many Chinese girls runnin' around with green eyes these days.

DAVID LO PAN
There are not, Mr. Burton. There never were.

JACK BURTON
So beggars can't be choosers.

DAVID LO PAN
But I can. Tell me about Miao Yin.

Wang Chi doesn't blink, doesn't say a word...David Lo Pan comes around right in front of him, wheelchair to wheelchair.

DAVID LO PAN
Tell me where she was born, who was her mother, her father? Was he a holy man? I must know.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (3) 109

JACK BURTON
You got a tongue, Dave. Ask her yourself.

David Lo Pan ignores Jack, repeats the request, this time IN CHINESE, to Wang Chi, but again Wang Chi remains silent.

DAVID LO PAN
Mr. Burton, if you have any influence over your youthful friend here, please exert it and encourage him to give me the information I require or I will have you both rolled off immediately to the Hell Where People Are Skinned Alive. It's that simple.

JACK BURTON
Are you crazy? Is that your problem?

WANG CHI
No. He means it, Jack.

DAVID LO PAN
My problem, Mr. Burton, is this place...this place is my tomb. I'm buried here. A young man, a warrior, a king...entombed in an old man's crippled body. And I need a woman, Mr. Burton, a special woman with dragon green eyes to make me whole again. Young again. So that I can rule the Universe from <u>beyond</u> this grave.

WANG CHI
<u>Ch'ing-ti</u>. God of the East.

JACK BURTON
Who, him? This guy?

DAVID LO PAN
No, not me, Mr. Burton, my demon. The god I must appease to regain my heart, my <u>blood</u>.

WANG CHI
Jack, <u>Ch'ing-ti</u> is this god, Jack. With a bird's body, a human face, and these two green dragons that carry him around wherever he goes. Green is his favorite color, right?

(CONTINUED)

DAVID LO PAN
Indeed.

JACK BURTON
Mine's red. So what?

DAVID LO PAN
So a girl with green eyes to satisfy Ch'ing-ti. A girl brave enough to embrace the naked blade. When I find her, and marry her...

WANG CHI
Never!

DAVID LO PAN
...then Ch'ing-ti will be happy... and my curse will be lifted.

JACK BURTON
And you can go off and rule the Universe from beyond the grave.

DAVID LO PAN
Indeed.

JACK BURTON
Or check into a psycho ward, whichever comes first.

WANG CHI
Jack...

JACK BURTON
Hey, I'm supposed to believe this shit? Twenty-two hundred years and he can't find one girl to fit the bill? You must be doin' something seriously wrong, Dave.

DAVID LO PAN
There have been others. To be sure. There are always others, are there not? You seem like one who knows how difficult it is between men and women. How rarely it works out. And yet, like fools, we keep hoping. Who are these people?

A sudden non sequitur, Lo Pan's eyes looking beyond Jack and Wang Chi at the bank of security monitors... ONE SCREEN IN PARTICULAR featuring a view of The Wing Kong Trading Company lobby and three faces we know...GRACIE LAW, EDDIE LEE, AND MARGO LITZENBERGER.

109 CONTINUED: (5) 109

DAVID LO PAN
Friends of yours, no doubt. This angers me...

David Lo Pan is sliding away, backwards, toward that door he blasted in through...

JACK BURTON
Stick around...hey!

WANG CHI
Where is Miao Yin? In this building? Where is she?!

DAVID LO PAN
Safe. Safer with me than with any creature on earth.

110 INT. WING KONG TRADING COMPANY - DAY 110

GRACIE LAW
Go ahead. You want some bad publicity? Give us the run around. This girl's got a deadline, and her pen, my friend, is mightier than your sword.

MARGO LITZENBERGER
Yeah.

CHINESE GUARD
No visitors. I don't make policy around here.

Trying an ethnic approach...

EDDIE LEE
Policy? Com'on, man, all this violence in Chinatown, all these damn gangs blowing each other away...and this lady wants to write a story about the good Chinese, the honest Chinese, guys like you and me that work in places we're proud of. Give 'em a tour, what's it gonna hurt?

VOICE
I can help you?

Thunder. Fat as ever but dressed now in ordinary Western street clothes, he smokes a stubby cigar and holds a routine CLAW HAMMER in his fist.

111 INT. PASSAGE UPWARD - DAY 111

Blindfolded again, Jack and Wang Chi are shoved up a steep passage by the two Wing Kong hatchet men...rolled from this cavelike, ragged tube into:

112 INT. IRON BASIN - DAY 112

...a small, cold room with iron walls and a thick iron door that CLANGS shut behind them.

113 INT. WING KONG TRADING COMPANY - DAY 113

Gracie, Eddie, and Margo walking along with Thunder and his hammer...past the most ordinary shipping and receiving activity, DOZENS OF CHINESE GIRLS compulsively unpacking the most God-awful trinkets...

THUNDER
Wing Kong Trading Company does seventeen million dollars a year from Japan, three million a year from South Korea, eight million a year from Taiwan. We on a big roll. *

GRACIE LAW
Where do you get all these girls?

THUNDER
Got good Personnel Department. Many, many fringe benefits you come join Wing Kong Trading Company. Here, get in elevator. All aboard. * *

114 INT. EMPLOYEE ELEVATOR - DAY 114

Thunder's cigar smoke is filling up the car as they ride along...

THUNDER
With easing of trade restrictions we next year start importing lotta strange things from Peking.

Gracie coughing...the cigar smoke thickening...

MARGO LITZENBERGER
What sort of...strange things?

EDDIE LEE
Are we going up or down? Feels like down...

THE CIGAR SMOKE REALLY THICKENING...

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: 114

THUNDER
Herbal medicines...seeds, roots,
bark, nuts, snake eyes...cure everything *
...no more doctors...

On each other's heels, first Eddie, then Gracie, then Margo overcome by Thunder's smoke, dropping to the elevator floor...as the doors open onto:

115 INT. JUST ANOTHER WAREHOUSE - DAY 115

...a big low-ceilinged space stacked with Oriental shipping crates. Thunder reaches down to the elevator floor, grabs Eddie's limp body by the scruff of his collar, drags him out like a puppy dog. Eddie...the last he sees before his eyelids close are...

...FOUR FEMALE WING KING "EMPLOYEES" hauling Gracie and Margo off the other way. Things are not looking good for our side.

116 INT. IRON BASIN - DAY 116

Jack Burton rockin' 'n' rollin', trying to get up enough sideways momentum to tip his wheelchair...over! CRASH! Jack on his ear!

WANG CHI
You okay, JACK?

JACK BURTON
Yeah, yeah...

He's squirming, twisting, using the floor to scrape off his blindfold, get his body out of that damn wheelchair strapping, like a caterpillar from its cocoon...

JACK BURTON
We're in a...room...no windows...
iron walls...hooks on the walls
...a few skeletons.

SKELETONS? You bet. Hanging from those hooks.

WANG CHI
Where's the light coming from?

JACK BURTON
Around the edges...

WANG CHI
The edges of what?

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: 116

JACK BURTON
The floor.

True. LIGHT SEEPING IN where the floor meets the walls. ...Jack contorting, getting at his calf and that Gerber Mark II survival knife.

117 INT. WING KONG DETENTION - DAY 117

Cyclone fencing chops this space into small cubicles, an ORIENTAL GIRL penned up inside each, like prize fillies, like slaves. Gracie Law and Margo Litzenberger the only Caucasians in sight, causing quite a stir as they're dragged in...

...Gracie coming 'round, coming out swinging! But nowhere to run, chased by the Wing Kong Ladies, mean ladies, nasty ladies...Gracie running down a blind alley of cyclone fencing, slamming into the chain link! She turns...here they come.

118 INT. IRON BASIN - DAY 118

Jack slicing Wang Chi free of his bonds.

WANG CHI
Great, great, thank you, Jack.

Jack eyeballing a skeleton...Wang Chi down on his knees, at the juncture of floor and wall, checking out that light...

WANG CHI
I think we came up. First we went down, now they brought us up.

Jack taps his knife handle against the door.

JACK BURTON
Two, three feet thick, I bet. Probably welded shut from the outside and walled over with brick by now.

WANG CHI
Don't give up, Jack.

JACK BURTON
Oh, okay, I won't. Let's chew our way out.

WANG CHI
Lo Pan has plans for us. If he didn't, we'd be dead doornails.

JACK BURTON
Lo Pan? Which Lo Pan? The little old basket-case-on-wheels or the ten-foot-tall roadblock.

118 CONTINUED: 118

WANG CHI
One and the same person, Jack.

JACK BURTON
Wang, you know something you're not telling me, Wang.

WANG CHI
Myths and legends. I don't wanna insult you.

JACK BURTON
Go ahead insult me.

Jack's down on the floor, both of them sitting on the floor...eerie half-light making monstrous WHEELCHAIR SHADOWS across their faces.

WANG CHI
It's all sorts of scary things about an ancient Army of the Dead and the Spirit City and monkey sacrifices and the First Sovereign Emperor of China, the mad monarch who federated our seven warring states, defeated Lo Pan and imposed upon him that horrible Curse of No Flesh in 272 B.C. Stuff like that.

Silence. Jack looks around. Some of those skeletons on the walls are MONKEY SKELETONS...

JACK BURTON
I see. Well, 272 B.C. Now everything makes a lot more sense. *

WANG CHI
All Chinese hear these things when we're kids. Then we grow up and pretend not to believe them.

The last from Wang Chi so sincere and quiet that it reaches Jack, unnerves him.

JACK BURTON
No horse shit, Wang.

WANG CHI
No horse shit, Jack. Sorcery. Chinese black magic.

LOCKS UNLOCKING! Like shots, instincts taking over, Jack and Wang Chi scramble to get back into their wheelchairs, to fake that all's the same in here... THE DOOR OPENING...

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED: (2) 118

JACK BURTON
Blindfolds!

Blindfolds up, just in time, Jack's on so he can peek over the top with one eye and see...

...THUNDER standing in the open door, a CRUMPLED FIGURE in the Chinese giant's hand. Thunder lumbers in past Jack and Wang Chi, hoists the figure up onto one of those hooks...Eddie Lee.

JACK ATTACKS! WHAMMO! He's on Thunder from behind, on his back, trying to strangle him...

Wang Chi tearing off his blindfold, moving to Eddie Lee's rescue...Eddie choking on his own ugly necktie...

Thunder hurls himself backward, makes a pancake sandwich out of Jack and the wall! This is not a big room, remember...Thunder grabbing Wang Chi...Eddie's still choking...

Jack draws his knife, leaps onto Thunder's back again, but this time THE TIP OF HIS BLADE IS AGAINST THE GIANT'S JUGULAR...

JACK BURTON
Drop him!

Meaning Wang Chi. Thunder gets the point...and Wang Chi hits the floor!

JACK BURTON
Take him down!

Meaning Eddie. Thunder waddles over, knife to his throat, Jack riding him like an elephant...Eddie hits the floor!

JACK BURTON
Get out...out!

Wang Chi and Eddie scrambling through the big iron door. Okay, Jack, now what?

JACK BURTON
Don't make me kill you, fat man.

Jack looks around, Wang Chi behind him in the doorway.

WANG CHI
Com'on! Com'on, Jack!

JACK BURTON
How?!

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED: (3) 118

Thunder starts taking these enormous breaths, seems to be inflating himself! So Jack does a crazy thing, half thought out, hurling himself backward off the giant's shoulders...CRASH! onto the seat of one of those wheelchairs, his momentum shooting the chair backwards too!

119 INT. PASSAGE UPWARD - DAY 119

Jack and his wheelchair rocketing from the iron basin! Wang Chi SLAMMING the door shut! Throwing the bolt! Thunder crashing forward, trapped inside!

Wang Chi turns...sees Eddie relearning how to breathe.

WANG CHI
Where's Jack!

ANGLE ON JACK. Holy Christ, the old wheelchair's like a bobsled! Jack going backwards at the speed of sound!

TWO WING KONG HATCHET MEN coming the other way, scrambling to investigate all the commotion...tenpins! WHAMMO! That's what they are, human tenpins, Jack blasting through, knocking the two Wing Kong every which way...and spinning to a halt himself, dizzy, stunned...

WANG CHI
Jack! Jack! Good work, Jack!

EDDIE LEE
We're all inside, me, Gracie and Margo! And Uncle Chu and Egg Shen, they're out in the street, in Egg's bus, ready to get us outta here!

Jack on his wobbly feet by now...Wang Chi frisking the fallen hatchet men...LOCATING SOME GUNS...AMMUNITION...

WANG CHI
Here, Eddie!

A SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN! Eddie catches it...Wang Chi hands Jack a LUGER, takes a snazzy little BUSHMASTER ASSAULT PISTOL for himself, 13 inches long, 30-round magazine...

JACK BURTON
Trade ya. Gimme that.

Bushmaster to Jack, Luger to Wang Chi, Jack sheathing his survival knife with one fluid motion.

JACK BURTON
Which way? Before these guys wake up.

119 CONTINUED: 119

EDDIE
There, I think, down there...

Jack moves out...the two Chinese following.

120 INT. LO PAN'S OFFICE - DAY 120

Shrivelled in his fancy wheelchair, David Lo Pan sits amid a world of priceless Chinese artifacts, telephone to his ear:

DAVID LO PAN
Please, Rain, no pathetic excuses. I smell the blood of human beings. Find them. Boil them until their flesh drops off.

And he hangs up. David Lo Pan sits still for a moment... BEFORE HIS EYES BEGIN TO GLOW...AND HIS BODY STARTS TO EMIT A VAPOROUS HALO...AS FIRST HE STRUGGLES TO RISE UP OUT OF HIS WHEELCHAIR...then does so effortlessly, GROWING TALLER, the silken threads of his elegant suit GLOWING too, the cloth itself transforming into the robes of a fearsome SEVEN-FOOT MANDARIN as Lo Pan walks right through the walls of this antique-filled room.

121 INT. MARRIAGE CHAMBER - DAY 121

...AND RIGHT THROUGH THE WALLS of the most extraordinary bridal chamber since that time centuries and centuries ago when Emperor Ching Te, the Sun, married Queen Pao Yueh, the Moon, gossamer, unearthly, the air itself seeming to part as Lo Pan slides with the grace of a tiger toward...

...MIAO YIN...that unfortunate girl an absolute vision, her clothing ancient and regal now...HER BODY FLOATING SUPINE WELL ABOVE THE FLOOR as Lo Pan comes close... tries to touch her...HIS VAPOROUS HAND PASSING STRAIGHT THROUGH Miao Yin's body!

DAVID LO PAN
Lady whose eyes flash like emerald lightning...so empty...

Lo Pan passing his hand back and forth through Miao Yin, over her face, across her breasts...

DAVID LO PAN
My life is so empty!

122 INT. PASSAGE DOWNWARD - DAY 122

KABOOM! And the massive door to the iron basin blows right off its hinges! Thunder is loose.

123 INT. FORKED PASSAGES - WAREHOUSE - DAY 123

Again that odd mix...electrical wiring, bare bulbs and just a huge, empty warehouse...

JACK BURTON
Which way?

EDDIE LEE
If I hadda guess...left.

Wang Chi's moving ahead of the others, cautiously through a doorway toward an elevator.

WHAM! THREE WING KONG HATCHET MEN JUMP OUT AND GRAB WANG CHI! Instinctively Wang Chi moves, chopping the Hatchet Men away for a beat, as Jack comes up with his gun...

JACK BURTON
Wang!

Wang Chi dives away, as...BANG! BANG! BANG! THREE SHOTS from Jack's Bushmaster, three dead Wing Kong.

WANG CHI
(getting up)
Come on!

Stepping over the fallen enemy, Wang Chi rushes to the elevator...Jack's looking stunned...Eddie following Wang Chi, collecting Jack en route.

EDDIE LEE
First time you plugged somebody?

JACK BURTON
No.

Jack snaps his head clear, takes off fast...Wang Chi reaching the elevator first, Jack a second later...

WANG CHI
Do we wanna go up or down?

Eddie arriving...

JACK BURTON
Up or down?

EDDIE LEE
Up.

They jump inside.

124 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY 124

Looking out the open, grated door, over Jack, Wang Chi and Eddie Lee, as the elevator rises up to the floor above, REVEALING the Wing Kong Detention area. They slip quietly out of the elevator and study the situation from across a long wooden walkway leading to the cyclone fenced-in gate.

125 INT. WING KONG DETENTION - DAY 125

Gracie gagged, lying on the floor of a cell, hands bound behind her back, rope around her neck going down to her feet. If she struggles, she chokes.

126 INT. CYCLONE CELL - DAY 126

Margo Litzenberger just tossed into the adjoining cyclone cubicle, busy scribbling on a tiny pad...

MARGO LITZENBERGER
'All has become strange, a world so unreal and yet at once so frightening that...'

FEMALE GUARDS tearing by! Rushing up toward the entrance gate where...

...TWO MEN have appeared, Wang Chi and Eddie Lee, Wang Chi acting like a lunatic hijacker, a sawed-off shotgun jammed into Eddie's cheek, Eddie-the-hostage wide-eyed with terror...Jack crawling hand-over-hand along the bottom of the wooden walkway, thirty feet above ground, hidden from the female guards.

WANG CHI
Open! Open! Or he dies in the name of Ch'ing-ti, and your souls speed with his to the Hell of the Oily Dragon!

Whoa! Serious, demented threat if these guards ever heard one. Wang Chi's kicking at the fencing! And Jack's slipping right past the guards, up a pipe to:

127 INT. CYCLONE CELLS - DAY 127

Gracie moving...choking herself...Margo trying to see what's going on...

JACK BURTON
Margo!

Overhead, above her, spread-eagle on the cyclone ceiling!

MARGO LITZENBERGER
Jack!

JACK BURTON
Where's Gracie?!

(CONTINUED)

127

127 CONTINUED:

MARGO LITZENBERGER
On the floor next door! She's a wildcat!

Jack peers ahead, sees Gracie's predicament.

MARGO LITZENBERGER
Boy, are you a sight for sore eyes. How you gonna spring us?

JACK BURTON
I have no idea.

Back at the main gate...TWO FEMALE GUARDS watching a crazed Wang Chi jumping around with his hostage...SHOUTING CURSES IN CHINESE! *

Jack leaps off the ceiling, into the compound...as Wang Chi turns his shotgun on the guards, and Eddie yanks out the Luger!

The guards react, their BAMBOO NIGHTSTICKS coming up in a blur PUMPING OUT A BURST OF TEAR GAS!

Wang Chi reels sideways, hit hard, Eddie gagging...one guard kicking him, a vicious blow that lifts Eddie skyward!

Jack OPENS FIRE on the MAIN LOCK, throws the bolt, doors opening off a dozen cells, panicked CHINESE GIRLS flooding into the central corridor, the main gates opening as... *

...Wang Chi fights for his life, a guard choking him, Wang Chi pounding his rival's ears, bursting her eardrums ...vaulting onto the lady beating poor Eddie to a pulp!

128

128 INT. CYCLONE CELL - DAY

Jack at Gracie's side, only time to cut the rope choker around her neck, carrying her out into the chaos...

MARGO LITZENBERGER
That way maybe!

A COMMUNAL BATHING AREA for the compound...the escaping Chinese girls rushing that way!

JACK BURTON
Wang! Haul ass!

Wang Chi finishing off the last guard and slamming the main gate shut, locking it against the inevitable arrival of...

...MORE WING KONG HATCHET MEN!

Eddie Lee running, tripping, crawling...Wang Chi practically dragging his cousin as the Wing Kong start SHOOTING!

129 INT. COMMUNAL BATH - DAY 129

One way in, no way out? The desperate Chinese girls are throwing themselves into the biggest pool!

JACK BURTON
Margo, jump in!

He yanks Gracie's gag off...

GRACIE LAW
Great save, Burton, thanks a lot.

MARGO LITZENBERGER
In there? Are you nuts?

Jack pushes Margo into the drink...more Chinese girls hurling themselves overboard...vanishing. Gracie cut free, knocking Jack backward into the pool with her uncoiled energy...following with a perfect dive herself...

...as Wang Chi and Eddie Lee arrive on the fly...GUNSHOTS behind them, a FEW BULLETS ALREADY RICOCHETTING off the tile in here! Wang Chi leaping into the pool!

EDDIE LEE
What the hell, huh?

Eddie Lee hitting the water like a tiny cannonball!

BACK AT THE CHAIN LINK GATE...Thunder crashing right through it, hatchet men rushing past him.

130 INT. BATHING POOL - DAY 130

UNDERWATER...AN INLET...A PIPE 18 INCHES WIDE...PEOPLE SQUEEZING INTO IT...TALK ABOUT INSANITY...BUBBLES, PANIC, THRASHING BODIES...WE DON'T SEE JACK BURTON.

131 INT. PIPE - DAY 131

Up ahead the first Chinese girl surfaces! Still in the pipe but above its water level! The going's still nightmarish but there's air...AND THE PIPE'S GETTING WIDER, not much, 36 inches. Gracie breaks the surface! Wang Chi next!

GRACIE LAW
Where's Margo?!

Wang Chi has no idea, and Gracie shoves him on by her, Margo appearing, Gracie shoving her on by...

MARGO LITZENBERGER
Where are we!

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: 131

GRACIE LAW
Where's Eddie?!

Eddie! Gasping for air! Gracie helps him, shoves him forward...

GRACIE LAW
Where's Jack?!

"Jack?" Getting familiar, Gracie showing concern, huh? She's looking back at the water, no Jack...no Jack... THEN JACK ERUPTING IN HER FACE!

GRACIE LAW
Jack!

She grabs him, elated! So is Jack, to be breathing again and be hugged by Gracie Law when a second ago he thought it was curtains...so he kisses her!

GRACIE LAW
Hey!

JACK BURTON
Sorry, sorry, I'm just thrilled to be alive.

GRACIE
Yeah, right. Let's go.

Their wet bodies on top of each other, no way they can move at the same time.

JACK BURTON
Ladies first.

132 INT. WATER ROOM - DAY 132

The first escaping Chinese girl appears, crawling out of that pipe into the strangest plumbing junction...a big slimy catch basin with a SERIES OF PIPE OPENINGS spread around the perimeter...

...more girls appear, then Wang Chi, Eddie, Margo... THEIR VOICES ECHOING IN THE HOLLOW WATER ROOM.

MARGO LITZENBERGER
It's like some kind of giant garbage disposal...

WANG CHI
I think it is, sort of.

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED: 132

EDDIE LEE
Where do all those holes go, these other pipes...?

Everything's mossy, slippery...hard to stand up...Wang Chi on his stomach, peering into one of the pipes.

133 INT. PIPE - DAY 133

Back to Jack and Gracie. Gracie squeezing past him...

JACK BURTON
Stop that! Stop rubbing your body against me because I can't concentrate when you do that.

GRACIE LAW
What a pig you are, Burton. I mean really...

She's gone, Jack scrambling after her.

134 INT. WATER ROOM - DAY 134

Gracie appearing, Margo and Eddie helping her out...

EDDIE LEE
Where's Jack?

Jack appears right behind Gracie...

JACK BURTON
Everybody relax. I'm here.

WANG CHI
Jack, I know where we are! This is like a central, what do you call it?

JACK BURTON
Sewer?

WANG CHI
Yes! Water comes in up there... sea water from the bay...

A BIG, OMINOUS VALVE OVER THEIR HEADS...

WANG CHI
...fills this room, then they divert it through all these pipes to different chambers.

JACK BURTON
Why? What for?

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED: 134

WANG CHI
To cool the fires of hell. I bet up there's where we first got on that elevator...

Jack's into the pipe outlet like a shot, clamboring up, the others following.

135 INT. SPIDERY STOREROOM - DAY 135

Jack pushes open the bamboo grate, squeezes out of the pipe opening in the floor, right near that first elevator they rode down into trouble. He's got the soggy Bushmaster in hand...but no opposition in sight. He crosses quickly to the door leading to that other storeroom, the clean one, and he puts an ear against it, hears nothing...so he waves everybody out of the pipe opening...

Dust, cobwebs, filthy little statues of the pot-bellied Ho Tai all around them as they all cross to Jack. In whispers:

JACK BURTON
We're almost out. From here on it's gonna be pretty normal...storerooms, offices, a nice false front. I count to three, I open the door, and we move.

GRACIE LAW
Everybody got that?

Wang Chi's been translating to the Chinese girls. Everybody's got it.

JACK BURTON
Okay, follow the leader. One, two ...three!

He rips the door open! The clean storeroom...crowded with SEVEN WING KONG HATCHET MEN! Jack slams the door shut! Locks it with a throw-bolt! BAM! Something starts pounding on the other side!

JACK BURTON
We may be trapped.

CRACK! A HATCHET BLADE POKES THROUGH THE OLD DOOR! BAM! BAM! SPLINTERS FLYING!

JACK BURTON
Hide!

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED: 135

GRACIE LAW
Hide?

JACK BURTON
Hide! They only saw me!

THE DOOR CRACKING IN HALF! Gracie dispersing the Chinese girls behind those awful, crowded shelves...Eddie Lee taking Margo into a dark corner...

WANG CHI
We fight together, Jack. Do or die!

THE DOOR BUSTS OPEN! Jack FIRES THREE TIMES POINT-BLANK, GETS THREE WING KONG! But the rest flood in, FOUR MORE, blades slicing the air...

...Wang Chi going mad, a pint-sized tornado, all flying, punching, chopping, arms and feet! WHAMMO! WHAMMO! WHAMMO! AND WHAMMO!

Jack throws a simple right, polishes off the last attacker...

...little Wang Chi standing in a heap of Wing Kong bodies.

WANG CHI
Time to go.

136 INT. WING KONG RECEIVING DEPARTMENT - REAR HALL - DAY 136*

Wang Chi leading the escape now, through these so-ordinary office environs, stopping at the door beyond which those two Chinese accountants were sitting at computer terminals * ...that security station...

GRACIE LAW
The bus is outside, right across the street...

JACK BURTON
Okay, great. I'll run interference. You bring up the rear. Can you handle it?

GRACIE LAW
Can you?

137 INT. WING KONG RECEIVING DEPARTMENT - DAY 137

A shift change underway...SIX CHINESE WHITE COLLAR WORKERS out here now, three coming, three going...the administration door opening...and Jack coming out with Wang Chi...both of them soaking wet, covered with slime, and smiling.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED: 137

JACK BURTON
All in a night's work. You have a problem like that again, you just ...REACH FOR THE SKY!

His Bushmaster! Jack suddenly brandishing it with two hands, waving it around at everybody, everybody surrendering, frightened.

138 INT. REAR HALL - DAY 138*

EDDIE LEE
Go, go!

The Chinese girls rush out...Margo next...

...a cubicle door opening up near Gracie...A HAND COMING OUT FAST! ENORMOUS! COVERED WITH FILTHY, MATTED RED HAIR! IT MUFFLES GRACIE'S LIPS AND SNATCHES HER INSIDE AS:

139 INT. WING KONG RECEIVING DEPARTMENT - DAY 139

Jack waves his weapon like a fanatic...the Chinese girls flying out behind him! Chaos! Margo! Eddie!

A Chinese accountant hits the ALARM BELL! Now, after all this, an ALARM BELL?!

140 INT. FUNNY BUS - DAY 140

Egg Shen behind the wheel...Uncle Chu watching as the Chinese girls get steered on the run by Eddie, through FOG AND RAIN, across the Wing Kong Trading Company parking lot and toward the bus...Egg REVVING HIS BIG ENGINE...he needs a tuneup...GUNSHOTS! From Wing Kong Security!

141 EXT. WING KONG TRADING COMPANY - DAY 141

Jack returning their fire! Covering everyone, stumbling onto his ass, jumping up, diving for the bus, the last on as BULLETS breaks windows!

142 INT. FUNNY BUS - DAY 142

Egg Shen flooring it! Jack beside himself, drowning in adrenalin!

JACK BURTON
We made it! Holy shit, we made it!

UNCLE CHU
Where Miao Yin?!

WANG CHI
Inside...somewhere inside.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED: 142

There's a moment, a powerful moment of failure.

JACK BURTON
Where's Gracie?

143 INT. SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGE - DAY 143

Gracie Law in the clutches of the most horrific creature ...thing...abomination...you ever saw...an unnatural monster of myth and legend, A CHINESE WILD MAN made of flesh and blood with long twisted locks of fire-red hair, yellow teeth and yellow arms...the claws on his fingers that dig into Gracie's arms recalling only death...

Gracie ripping and tearing at the Wild Man as he races along, reaches the EDGE OF A GLOWING, JAGGED HOLE in the rocky passage...and leaps! Leaps right into the Goddamn abyss with poor screaming Gracie in his possession!

144 INT. MANSION OF THE DISLOYAL - DAY 144

The Wild Man plummeting from a crevice in the ceiling! Landing thirty feet below on his broad hairy feet...with Gracie stunned by somehow still intact.

CLOSE ON A PAIR OF MANACLES, held in the Wild Man's clawed hands. He clamps these ancient shackles on Gracie's ankles, anchors her in place on a short chain, then moves away as...

A SHADOW FALLS UPON HER. Gracie looks up...and Rain (in ordinary street clothes) steps INTO FRAME, taking hold of her face, staring into her eyes.

A REVERSE ANGLE SHOWS us Thunder (in street clothes as well)...and David Lo Pan, shrivelled in his wheelchair.

DAVID LO PAN
What can it mean? Two girls with green eyes. After all these years... *

GRACIE LAW
You bastards! Unchain me! You're not gonna get away with this! Where's Lo Pan!

Right in front of you, Gracie, enjoying his anonymity.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED: 144

DAVID LO PAN
And this one has fire as well.

GRACIE LAW
Hey! Listen, I've had it up to here with you maniacs. I wanna see that despicable flesh peddler David Lo Pan in person! Unless the little coward's afraid to meet an unarmed girl one-on-one, huh? Where is he?

DAVID LO PAN
Lo Pan, Miss Gracie Law, is afraid of nothing...in this world. *

GRACIE LAW
(quietly now)
And by the way, how the hell do you know my name?

145 INT. DRAGON OF THE BLACK POOL - DAY 145

It's pouring rain outside.

MARGO LITZENBERGER
You know what this is? This is like some radical Alice in Wonderland, that's what this is.

JACK BURTON
Then you probably got a best seller on your hands.

Their conversation taking place in the restaurant kitchen where Jack's sharpening his survival knife on one of Uncle Chu's ancient whetstones. Wang Chi, sitting on the floor, is wearing black ninjitsu pajamas and binding his ankles and his wrists with cloth.

MARGO LITZENBERGER
Call the police, Jack. You're not a one-man army.

JACK BURTON
Police don't come to Chinatown.

Jack and Wang Chi lock eyes...Egg Shen coming in out of the storm with a dirty half-dozen Chang Sing TONG WARRIORS ...faces we RECOGNIZE from that back-alley battle, but the rescued Chinese girls, being fed by Uncle Chu, withdraw in fear...

(CONTINUED)

EGG SHEN
No, no, these our friends. These Chang Sing.

JACK BURTON
They speak English?

EGG SHEN
Not much.

JACK BURTON
They have guns?

EGG SHEN
Not against Lo Pan. Just one of you. Here. Make you feel better like Dirty Harry.

A gigantic .44 Magnum.

JACK BURTON
I'll stick with these.

His knife and his Bushmaster.

JACK BURTON
You comin' with us?

EGG SHEN
If I don't, you never make it out alive

MARGO LITZENBERGER
I'm on board too then.

JACK BURTON
Yeah, sure, kid.

MARGO LITZENBERGER
You can't keep the press out, Mister. This is America.

Jack steers Margo aside, tries to be gentle.

JACK BURTON
You're not going back, Margo. You're staying here topside with Eddie and Uncle Chu.

MARGO LITZENBERGER
Eddie? But he's...

JACK BURTON
Got a crush on you.

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED: (2)

Margo looks across the room at Eddie who's talking quietly with Wang Chi.

MARGO LITZENBERGER
You mean like you've got on Gracie?

JACK BURTON
Me? Are you kidding?

Margo skewers him with her glance.

MARGO LITZENBERGER
Yeah, what do I know? She's not even your type. All brains.

146 INT. MARRIAGE CHAMBER - DAY 146

The walls cracking open on hidden hinges...Gracie Law tossed into the thick vapors by a heartless Thunder...

THUNDER
Play your card right, you live to talk about it.

SLAM! Thunder closes the wall behind him, Gracie flying at the "door"...but it's gone, not even a trace of the seams, not a hinge or a knob...

She turns to survey her prison, the treasure-filled room still awash with ghostly air...A BODY FREE-FLOATING in the haze!

Gracie comes close...curious and afraid. She looks into Miao Yin's lovely, empty face.

GRACIE LAW
Hello? Anybody home?

No response. She passes her arm above the suspended girl...below the suspended girl. No wires.

GRACIE LAW
Oh boy.

Miao Yin opens her eyes! AND AS SHE DOES SOMETHING DRIFTS BEHIND GRACIE IN THE SWIRLING AIR...LO PAN THAT FRIGHTFUL MANDARIN, THERE AND NOT THERE...like so much smoke, certainly undetected by Gracie...

GRACIE LAW
Are you okay? Are you Miao Yin?

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED: 146

DAVID LO PAN
Yes. Miao Yin.

Gracie whirls around! There he stands...Lo Pan, all seven imperial feet of him, hovering in the mist.

GRACIE LAW
Who are...?

DAVID LO PAN
Lo Pan. You have come to seek me out. With your green eyes.

GRACIE LAW
Yes...no...

MIAO YIN
Yes.

Gracie looks back at Miao Yin...back at Lo Pan.

GRACIE LAW
What is going on here...? Is this some kind of...

DAVID LO PAN
Magic? The darkest magic. My soul swims in it, scattered across time, trapped in the World of Formlessness ...until I find her. And marry her.

GRACIE LAW
Marry her? Miao Yin?

DAVID LO PAN
The girl with green eyes. The girl who can tame the savage heart... Miao Yin. Or Gracie Law.

Lo Pan smiles and that LIGHT BURSTS FORTH! OBLITERATING THE FRAME! *

147 EXT. BACK STREETS - DAY 147

Fog, rain...the sky rolling dark clouds as an urgent PROCESSION makes its way past lighted stores selling lychee wine, pickled ginger, dried ducks...

...Egg Shen leading the way under a huge black umbrella, Jack Burton half under it too, getting rained on, Wang Chi and the Chang Sing warriors making no effort at all to keep themselves dry as they swing around a corner...

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED:

JACK BURTON
It's the other way...

EGG SHEN
You tried the front door. It got you nowhere.

JACK BURTON
Here, let me hold that...

Meaning Egg's umbrella so Jack can lift it higher and get some serious protection outta the damn thing.

WANG CHI
A brave man likes the feel of nature on his face, Jack.

EGG SHEN
And a wise man has enough sense to come in out of the rain.

JACK BURTON
Don't you people ever agree on anything?

EGG SHEN
No.

WANG CHI
Yes.

Egg Shen is unlocking the large garage door on an OLD FIRE COMPANY...Jack reading the big wet sign over his head...EGG FOO YUNG TOURS.

148 INT. EGG'S GARAGE - DAY 148

A converted, dilapidated firehouse...Egg's silly bus taking up most of the space, an old futon bed in the watch station...books and bottles of strange Chinese chemicals overflowing from those few small rooms leading off the garage proper.

Jack drinking all this in, the way everyone else feels instantly at home here, the Chang Sings just squatting as a group while Egg busies himself in one of those rooms crammed with bottles and jars...

JACK BURTON
He lives here?

WANG CHI
He owns the whole block. He's a very rich guy.

(CONTINUED)

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JACK BURTON
Rich? The place is a dump.

WANG CHI
To Western eyes. The stuff in those bottles is priceless.

JACK BURTON
Powdered deer horn?

WANG CHI
Worse.

Egg Shen reappears with a single corked-up IVORY FLASK which he tucks into a large satchel with many pockets.

EGG SHEN
All set?

JACK BURTON
Ready when you are.

Egg heads over to the FIREPOLE which, typically, soars upward to the second floor. He barks an order in CHINESE and a pair of Chang Sings hustle over to pry up a THREE-PIECE MANHOLE COVER through which the bottom of the firepole passes.

Egg Shen has, meanwhile, gotten himself a big Eveready camp light which now shines deep INTO THE HOLE in his floor...one Chang Sing after another just grabbing that firepole and zipping down into the blackness!

EGG SHEN
Jack, next.

JACK BURTON
Where's it go?

EGG SHEN
Down. Lo Pan is down there.

JACK BURTON
Down where?

EGG SHEN
Where is the Universe?

WANG CHI
Com'on, Jack, don't be afraid.

JACK BURTON
Afraid? Are you kidding?

Jack grabs the pole, slides o.s.

149 INT. SUBTERRANEAN SOMEWHERE - DAY 149

Day? The notion's irrelevant. And with only that meager light stabbing down from Egg's Eveready, Jack has no idea what he's just plunged himself into. ONLY THE HOLLOW SOUNDS OF DRIPPING WATER give us some idea this place is not small.

WHOOSH! Wang Chi rockets into the picture!

WHOOSH! Egg Shen and his light. *

EGG SHEN
This way.

...where the walls, made of ordinary brick, vaulted like an ancient Roman bathhouse, give way to CRUMBLING OLD STONES...TILTING BUTTRESSES...AND SLIMY VEGETATION THAT GROWS IN THE DARK... *

JACK BURTON
Where the hell are we?

WANG CHI
Underneath Chinatown.

150 INT. HONORABLE HALL OF THE INFERNAL JUDGE - DAY 150 *

The conference room where Jack and Wang Chi first met the ordinary little Mr. David Lo Pan...but a scene startlingly different now...

...Lo Pan, the Mandarin, sitting in his extraordinary robes, filling easily that gigantic Dragon Chair at table's end. Rain and Thunder perch by his side... several HATCHET MEN scattered around the perimeter... all of them watching...

...Gracie Law and Miao Yin, those two girls still clearly entranced, barefoot, facing each other and ascending a frightful pair of SWORD LADDERS that extend from floor to ceiling, each rung a knife blade turned on edge between bamboo uprights. *

Gracie, in fact, a rung higher than Miao Yin...her hands grabbing the blades above, her feet pressing into the blades below as she climbs, expressionless...no blood.

Miao Yin, likewise, overtaking Gracie...

Gracie's hand reaches for a knife-blade rung...and bleeds! But she doesn't stop, seems to feel no pain. Lo Pan watches. Now Miao Yin suffers a wound...her foot! And neither does Miao Yin cease her horrible climb...both girls closing in on the room's high ceiling where bundles of CHARM PAPERS have been tied...

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

JACK BURTON
Ever been to New York?

A huge belch from the river? Jack through joking...

EGG SHEN
And the gods struck back. From some people they removed their heads and turned each breast into a bloodshot eye. From others they took one leg and one arm, and from some they took all their clothes and gave them instead feathers or three ugly faces and made them live in the center of the Great Bloody Waste and never die.

JACK BURTON
Why are you telling me this, Egg?

Jack, interrupted by the BUBBLING NOISES coming from the black water...

JACK BURTON
So what's down there? It sounds kind of like...

WANG CHI
...something breathing under water?

JACK BURTON
Yeah.

Jack and Wang Chi staring at each other, looking down at the threatening, BUBBLING morass they're skirting when...

...THE CREATURE STRIKES behind them! Some kind of a slimy thing, THE SEWER DEMON, who the hell knows it moves so fast, right out of hole in the sludge-caked wall, four-inch fangs grabbing a Chang Sing, yanking him backward INTO THE WALL!

Jack's gun is drawn! But there's nothing to shoot at. Egg suddenly, quickly porducing a handful of pulverized material which he casts upon the wall, into the hole... HSSSSS!! And then silence.

EGG SHEN
It will come out no more.

The Chang Sing obviously believing that, Wang Chi too, because they all move quickly onward...

(CONTINUED)

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(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED: (2) 151*

JACK BURTON
What will come out no more?!

Egg takes hold of Jack, guides him down a few feet to ANOTHER HOLE, into which Wang Chi and the Chang Sing climb. In goes Egg. Jack'll be the last one. Because there's no going back.

152 INT. MARRIAGE CHAMBER - DAY 152

FEMALE WING KONG work Gracie and Miao Yin over, Gracie in particular, scrubbing her down, exchanging her own torn and soiled clothing for the finest Chinese silks...

...Miao Yin similarly attired, her wounded hands and feet being treated with herbal resins, wrapped in the purest white gauze...

Druggy, dizzy, Gracie tires to rise, gets shoved back by the Wing Kong who have a job to do for Lo Pan...

GRACIE LAW
Jack...where are you, Jack?

153 INT. COARSE SHAFT - DAY 153

Crawling on his belly, heading downward, Jack inches along, survival knife clamped in his teeth for quick and easy access...Wang Chi and the Chang Sing ahead of him... Egg Shen pushing at his feet...

...up ahead THE SUDDEN SOUNDS OF SLIDING GRAVEL! The shaft taking a nose dive, sucking the Chang Sing forward! Sucking Wang Chi forward...his feet rocketing away from Jack!

EGG SHEN
It's okay.

Jack next!

154 INT. ROOM OF DRIED FISH - DAY 154

Everybody landing on top of everybody else in mounds of DRIED FISH...RATS scattering! Egg's Eveready showing us the ugliest fish faces...Jack finding his precious knife.

EGG SHEN
Storeroom...storeroom...

Egg scrambles to the wall, feels along the wall...finds a LIGHTSWITCH! CLICK. On comes an ordinary 100-watt Sylvania in a cheap porcelain ceiling fixture.

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED: 154

WANG CHI
Wing Kong storeroom. Emergency provisions.

EGG SHEN
We're close. We're getting real close.

A Chang Sing is sampling the competition, taking a big bite out of a dried mackeral head. Not bad, he thinks, offering it to Jack...

JACK BURTON
Later.

Egg's holding that IVORY FLASK he filled up back in the firehouse.

EGG SHEN
Time to explain more bad news, okay? *

JACK BURTON *
This gets worse? Come on...

Jack looks at his friend, sees that even Wang Chi has suddenly no idea what's coming next here...

EGG SHEN
Two thousand two hundred fifty-eight years ago, when the First Sovereign Emperor subjugated Lo Pan, made Lo Pan no flesh, an evil dream...the Emperor also murdered a certain girl with green eyes. Lo Pan didn't care. All Lo Pan cared about was himself. And he begged the Emperor to make him a man again...flesh and blood. *

JACK BURTON
Get to the Goddamn point, Egg.

EGG SHEN
To be made whole, Lo Pan must find the woman of his prophesy, marry her to appease the God of the East...and then to appease the Emperor...he must kill her.

WANG CHI *
Kill her?! No!

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED: (2) 154

JACK BURTON
Then let's go! What're we sittin' around in a pile of fish for when...

EGG SHEN
We are getting ready to strike the final blow.

Egg lists his IVORY FLASK into prominence.

EGG SHEN
These Chang Sing, their knives, your gun, Mr. Burton, all can be used against the Wing Kong who will try to keep us from Lo Pan. Even against the Storms knives and bullets may work. But if we reach Lo Pan...

WANG CHI
When we reach Lo Pan...

EGG SHEN
...then in this flask is our only hope against the Bodhisattva of the Underworld. The ultimate evil spirit.

JACK BURTON
This guy Lo Pan has more names than...

EGG SHEN
...The Chinese have hells? Remember, there are two sides to every story. Sometimes three. And only a dream can kill a dream.

THE LIGHTS GO OUT! Shut off by a Chang Sing! Quick, hushed words in CHINESE fly back and forth. Then silence. Darkness.

WANG CHI
Wing Kong outside.

JACK BURTON
Coming in?

155 INT. SPIRIT PATH - DAY 155

WING KONG WARRIORS moving through an endless corridor lined with LIFE-SIZE FIGURES OF THE DOOR GUARDS, these great imperial statues clad in armor, holding battle axes, sporting whips, chains, bows and arrows, their stone hair standing on end.

(CONTINUED)

The Wing Kong pass. And then a moment passes. And then the storeroom door opens...Egg peeking out...the coast looks clear. Jack starts to follow Egg into the... CLANG! CLANG! POWERFUL FOOTSTEPS!

Trapped in the corridor, Jack and Egg dive behind the statues, and Wang Chi closes the storeroom door as...

...around the corner come TWO LIVING, BREATHING DOOR GUARDS, armor, battle axes, whips, chains, bows, arrows, electric black hair standing on end! Jack's fist tightnens on his Bushmaster...but the Door Guards pass also.

JACK BURTON
Were they real?

EGG SHEN
Yes. Dressed for the Emperor's wedding.

JACK BURTON
What's in the ivory flask? A magic potion?

EGG SHEN
Yes.

JACK BURTON
I thought so. Good. What do we do? Drink it?

EGG SHEN
Yes.

JACK BURTON
Good. I thought so.

Jack's gone, over the edge, living this nightmare full out now.

156 INT. MARRIAGE CHAMBER - DAY 156

Gracie and Miao Yin, something to behold, frightening, beautiful, extravagantly stylized creatures from the Chinese theater, white pancake makeup, eyebrows blackened, thickened, exaggerated and flowing up into the crowns of blue and gold and purple...their lips blood red...

...those female Wing Kong leaving the smoky chamber, leaving the two women with their eyes closed...kneeling and facing each other in silence. For several seconds. Until...Gracie pops open one eye. Looks around. Pops open another eye...and pitches forward...barely catching herself.

156 CONTINUED: 156

GRACIE LAW
Miao Yin.

She shakes the Chinese girl, pries up an eyelid. Miao Yin seems a thousand miles away. Gracie tries to stand, but her knees buckle...AND THE HIDDEN DOOR STARTS TO OPEN AGAIN...

...OPENS WIDE...and Lightning steps inside, a presence we haven't felt since this stormy demon snatched Miao Yin through The White Tiger's roof. Now he comes forward through the mist to find...

...Gracie Law and Miao Yin kneeling as the Wing Kong attendants left them, eyes closed, brides fit for a king.

Lightning crackling...this presence making THE GIRLS' EYES OPEN, PUPILS GONE NOW, WHITE ORBS STARING VACANTLY! *

157 INT. SPIRIT PATH - DAY 157

Jack, Egg Shen, Wang Chi and the Chang Sing moving away from us under the forbidding shadow of one carved Door Guard after another...finally becoming tiny figures in the distance when...

...A LEATHERY SPHERE DOTTED WITH EYEBALLS flies into the f.g., apparently breathing, definitely following...

...Jack and the guys! Egg waits, the column turns around, causing everyone to turn around and see...

...THE FLYING EYE BEHIND THEM! It stops. Elephant hide and dozens of blinking eyeballs.

Egg rushes to the rear, to put himself between everyone else and the EYE.

EGG SHEN
I am the past come back to haunt you, Lo Pan!

The EYE just hovers, breathes, stares at him.

JACK BURTON
Oh my God, no, please...what is <u>that</u>? Don't tell me. *

EGG SHEN
A guardian. What it sees, Lo Pan knows.

158 INT. HONORABLE HALL OF THE INFERNAL JUDGE - DAY 158

DAVID LO PAN
They have returned.

Indeed. Lo Pan being outfitted in his wedding attire... the magnificent clothing somehow hanging upon him but the helping hands of his Wing Kong valets passing right through him...

RAIN
Who?

DAVID LO PAN
And this time...they are not alone. Egg Shen.

THUNDER
Egg Shen?

The name scares Thunder. Little Egg Shen...big powerful Thunder.

DAVID LO PAN
They are within the Mandate of hell...

Lo Pan has closed his eyes the better to see.

RAIN
No. Impossible.

DAVID LO PAN
They are upon the Spirit Path.
(opens his eyes)
Shouldn't we be doing something?

Rain spins on his heels, rushes from the Hall of the Infernal Judge. Lo Pan regards his robes.

DAVID LO PAN
It is the American girl. She will die, and I will live out my life with Miao Yin.

Thunder absorbs that news with a grin.

THUNDER
The best of both worlds.

159 INT. SPIRIT PATH - DAY 159

Egg backing away from the disgusting flying EYE, motioning the column to get moving again...instead bumping into a planted-in-place Jack Burton...Jack's arm coming up with his Bushmaster.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED: 159

BANG! BANG! The EYE goes crazy! Hammered backward by two shots! BANG! Now it sparks! Drops to the ground...and retreats, rolling furiously backward down the long corridor!

JACK BURTON
Never know 'til you try. Let's get outta here.

160 INT. IMPERIAL PASSAGES - DAY 160

CLOSE ON LIGHTNING, striding TOWARD US in the foggy air, Miao Yin and Gracie Law following him, pulled along like puppets in Lightning's evil wake as... *

...Rain interrupts this ungodly procession...

RAIN
The Mandate of Hell has been penetrated. Take them quickly down to the Great Arcade.

Rain moving off...a dozen Wing Kong warriors with him.

161 INT. GREAT ARCADE - DAY 161

Those two animate Door Guards flanking the portals of a VAST SUBTERRANEAN ROOM lighted both by torches and the most unnerving mix of shabby CHINATOWN NEON LIGHTS AND SIGNS...a schizophrenic inferno that jars us with its demonic strangeness and touristy kitsch...truly the Chinatown of our imagination where...

...AN ESCALATOR seemingly built of cracked old temple stones delivers Lightning into the thick of it all, his two charges, Gracie and Miao Yin, riding downward behind him, toward a MONOLITHIC ALTAR that glows hot as radium. *

162 INT. PASSAGE DOWNWARD - DAY 162

Familiar territory. Wang Chi the first to appear...

WANG CHI
Yes! This way, down here...

Jack, Egg, the Chang Sing boys following Wang Chi to a wooden door studded with two-inch spikes.

JACK BURTON
You know what I don't like about this? Where is everybody?

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED: 162

Behind you, Jack. The passage suddenley filled with Rain and his Wing Kong hatchet men.

Jack turns to the door, FIRES at what appears to be its lock! It flies off! Jack shoves the door open, carefully avoiding those huge spikes.

163 INT. HONORABLE HALL OF THE INFERNAL JUDGE - DAY 163

...Egg, Jack, Wang Chi, everybody inside...Jack slamming the door, spiking the first Wing Kong! Jack with his shoulder, his whole body, trying to keep it shut as...

...Wang Chi and the Chang Sing push and shove and strain to get that big conference table across the hall and up against the door...Jack ducking under the table at the last second...BAM! The door buckling! The table stopping it. Whew. Jack's head sticks up.

164 INT. PASSAGE DOWNWARD - DAY 164

Rain. Looking at the deadly door, at one of his Wing Kong still stuck to it. He turns to his men, orders some to remain here, the rest to follow him back up the passage.

165 INT. LO PAN'S OFFICE - DAY 165

Wang Chi opening the connecting door from The Honorable Hall of the Infernal Judge, gaining access to David Lo Pan's corporate inner sanctum. Antiques, telephones, a desk befitting the C.E.O. of I.B.M.

JACK BURTON
We should not be in here. Not this easily. It's a setup.

EGG SHEN
If Lo Pan is about to take his queen, he cares little anymore for these earthly trappings.

WANG CHI
So where is he, Egg? Where?

166 INT. GREAT ARCADE - DAY 166

The crumbling stone escalator...Lo Pan the Magnificent making his grand entrance, riding down into an extraordinary gathering of malice...

...Thunder...Lightning...the ghastly Door Guards...the growling Wild Man...an assortment of Wing Kong Elders... even the evil EYE, tucked in a corner licking its gunshot wounds with the most disgusting tongue ever put on film.

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED: 166

And at the dead center of it all, standing on the glowing altar block...Miao Yin...and Gracie Law. *

167 INT. LO PAN'S OFFICE - DAY 167

JACK BURTON
One way out?! I don't believe it. I don't buy it. This place has gotta have ten million ins and outs.

Jack and Wang Chi tearing away at the office, looking behind panels, in the executive washroom, behind the TV, in the wet bar... *

EGG SHEN
Lo Pan doesn't need doors to come and go.

JACK BURTON
Well, we do. Or this is it. End of the road and we miss the whole Goddamn shooting match!

WANG CHI
Here! Jack!

Wang Chi standing before a luminous, ancient scroll painting of a Chinese god with a bird's body and a human face, the deity surmounting two fierce green dragons...

Egg Shen taking out his IVORY FLASK as Wang Chi taps the surface of the priceless artifact.

JACK BURTON
Hollow?

WANG CHI
Hollow.

Fuck it, out comes Jack's knife. Slash, and the scroll's in two pieces, REVEALING behind it what at first glance seems only an ornate closet...housing David Lo Pan's unoccupied wheelchair.

JACK BURTON
I know. It's an elevator. And it only goes down.

Wang Chi hurling that wheelchair into the room, stepping into the small space to examine its walls for secret levers, switches, buttons, whatever...

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED: 167

EGG SHEN
Time for our medicine.

He's at the wet bar, carefully pouring tablespoonfuls of thick, grey-green treacle into Lo Pan's Baccarat whiskey glasses...

JACK BURTON
Wang, here.

Right on the wall, in plain sight, A BUTTON with a single marking...AN ARROW POINTING DOWNWARD.

EGG SHEN
Cheers.

Egg hands glasses all around...Jack losing his nerve... because the liquid is SMOKING.

JACK BURTON
This does what again exactly?

EGG SHEN
Huge buzz.

Egg takes his own medicine in one big gulp. The Chang Sing likewise.

EGG SHEN
Mmm, good. You see things no one else see.

JACK BURTON
Real things?

EGG SHEN
As real as Lo Pan.

JACK BURTON
Great. So then with this under our belts, we can destroy him.

EGG SHEN
Not quite. With this maybe we almost have a fighting chance.

There's an awful pause.

JACK BURTON
Hey, what more can a guy ask for? *

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED: (2)

EGG SHEN
This. Six-Demon Bag.

Hanging off his shoulder, the strange bag that yielded Egg's anti-SEWER DEMON potion.

JACK BURTON
Terrific, a Six-Demon Bag, sensational. What's in it?

EGG SHEN
Fire. Wind. Things like that.

Wang Chi extends his smoking glass to Jack.

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED: (2) 167

WANG CHI
Here's to the Army and Navy,
And the battles they have won,
Here's to America's colors,
The colors that never run!

Moved, Jack clinks his glass against Wang Chi's.

JACK BURTON
May the wings of liberty never lose
a feather.

168 INT. GREAT ARCADE - DAY 168

GEYSERS OF STEAM shooting up through grates from the fiery bowels of the earth...as Rain strides into the room, his arrival causing heads to turn as he moves to the altar and whispers something to...

...Lo Pan, standing between his brides, this demented Bodhisattva of the Underworld rendered more frightful than ever by that sacrificial marriage light beneath him. He absorbs Rain's whispers, turns to his right... *

DAVID LO PAN
Thunder!

169 INT. CLOSET ELEVATOR - DAY 169

Noses practically touching, Jack, Wang Chi, Egg Shen, and the Chang Sing descend with A RATTLE AND A SHAKE to God-knows-where in their jampacked coffin...

JACK BURTON
I feel pretty good. I'm not scared
at all. I feel kind of...invincible.

WANG CHI
Me too, Jack. I have a very
positive attitude about this.

JACK BURTON
Good. Me too.

Jack looks at Egg, winks. Egg winks back.

JACK BURTON
Is it getting hot in here or is
it just me?

The elevator stops. The Chang Sing tense.

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED: 169

JACK BURTON
Sporting goods. Hardware. And large Appliances.

Nope. The Great Arcade. Holy shit, right into the thick of it.

170 INT. GREAT ARCADE - DAY 170

...but fortunately at the back of the thick of it, a safe and sane twenty yards from the altar...time to gather their wits as they emerge from that microscopic elevator... its door closing behind them.

WANG CHI
Miao Yin!

EGG SHEN
And the Ultimate Evil Spirit.

The hate, the loathing in Egg's voice a thing to recon with as he knits together his fingers in a centuries-old pattern, to calm himself, assure self-control at this crucial juncture.

CLOSE ON THE ALTAR...Lo Pan presiding at his own wedding, the Wing Kong Elders having begun a ceremony whose roots dig deep into spirit-medium shamanism...a ceremony where the "wedding rings" are yin chen...silver needles a foot long with ornate metalwork heads, an Elder sterilizing several in a small hot flame...

DAVID LO PAN
Respectfully we invite into our marriage the presence of the Great Ch'ing-ti equal with heaven, the mighty Green Dragon General whose feet stand upon the Seven Stars yet who visits Hell with the Serpent Son of the Eastern Capital...

...while a sweating Jack, Wang Chi and Egg Shen edge closer through the thick, hot air...Chang Sing fanning out...

JACK BURTON
If I shoot the bastard...

EGG SHEN
No. Not until he's married. Then he's flesh.

WANG CHI
Then it's too late.

171 INT. HONORABLE HALL OF THE INFERNAL JUDGE - DAY 171

A CRASH! The big table just blown backward by the force of that spiked door swinging inward, a crude wooden club bashed into it! Thunder bursting on the scene, vaulting onto the table! He sees the door to David Lo Pan's office wide open across The Honorable Hall:

172 INT. LO PAN'S OFFICE - DAY 172

Thunder waddles in, spies the vandalized Ch'ing-ti scroll...the elevator cavity beyond it!

173 INT. GREAT ARCADE - DAY 173

One Wing Kong Elder has hold of Miao Yin's naked arm, feeling her flesh like an acupuncturist...while another holds a silver needle, its tip glowing red hot. Everybody in here sweating bullets except...

DAVID LO PAN
He who shakes the Heavens descends from the East upon the greenest dragons!
(pause)
And all I ask is flesh and blood...

Skewer. The Elder glides his silver needle through Miao Yin's left arm. There is no blood...and no reaction from Miao Yin but...

...Lo Pan starts! He feels his own left arm...and his fingertips come away red.

Gracie sees this, sees just the trace of a smile licking the madman's thin gray lips. A SHADOW FALLS UPON HER... a Wing Kong Elder with a red-hot silver needle. Where the hell are...

...Jack, Wang Chi, Egg...halfway there but still an easy dozen Wing Kong warriors between them and the altar.

EGG SHEN
Let him complete the ceremony. Then he's ours for certain.

JACK BURTON
Right, 'cause you can always get the thing annulled.

A BREATHING SOUND...like a boot going in and out of the mud. Jack looks sideways and there it is...

...the EYE, hovering three inches off the floor and watching them with its beady little pupils!

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED: 173

What happens next, happens fast! Lo Pan getting the Eye's telepathic warning, snapping his head around like a wild animal! Miao Yin's eyes opening! Normal again! Likewise with Gracie. She feels her will strengthening, and she yanks her arm out of the grip of one startled Elder!

GRACIE LAW
No way!

Lo Pan spinning back at Gracie at...Wang Chi draws his short sword, and WHAMMO lops the Eye in two in the blink of...

JACK BURTON
Look out!

CHARGE! Wing Kong and Chang Sing rushing at each other like two primal forces! Little Egg Shen suddenly a whirling dervish of T'ai Chi Ch'uan pushing hands, meeting the ton warriors head on, chopping through them like Bruce Lee!

Jack, using his fists, his gun, ducking a Door Guard's whip thick as a baseball bat, the rush of air knocking him back on his butt! The Door Guard leaping at him! Jack sticking up his feet to absorb the impact...driving his right foot along his left ankle, hammering his survival knife forward and right out of the bottom of its sheath like a stiletto...into the Door Guard's big evil heart!

Lo Pan...snatching a silver needle, introducing it into a horrified Miao Yin's other arm, her right under arm! Lo Pan winces, grabs his own right arm! Blood!

Gracie hurls herself on Lo Pan! A strange sight, enough of Lo Pan flesh and bone now to hang onto...but some of him still vaporous, Gracie half off, half on...completely off with a violent shrug of Lo Pan's shoulders!

Jack charges through the battle, tripping, sliding, back on his feet, charging, shooting, ducking, God! The man's amazing! He reaches the altar! But no one's there!

But someone's coming! Rain! Somersaulting at Jack, a high-speed reaper, blades on his hands, blades on his feet! Jack aims, pulls the trigger...CLICK. CLICK. Empty! He hits the deck!

And Rain screams by overhead, a cruise missile, without a target...except the alter! SPLAT. THE ALTAR, A MOLTEN MELTING SLAB NOW, ABSORBS RAIN! STARTS RUNNING ALL OVER THE FLOOR LIKE A KILLER LAVA FLOW!

(CONTINUED)

GRACIE LAW
Jack! Are you okay?!

Gracie, crawling over to his side, her gown askew, her face so heavily painted that for a second, his head spinning, Jack has no idea who...

GRACIE LAW
It's me...Gracie!

JACK BURTON
Gracie! Look at yourself!

GRACIE LAW
Never mind me, we gotta stop him!

Lo Pan! With a struggling Miao Yin in his evil clutches, the enormous mad warlord is striding up his escalator, against its downward flow, already almost at the top!

Wang Chi sees this too, starts for the escalator...but Lightning intervenes...fires from the hip! A BOLD OF ELECTRICITY that shatters the moving stone stairway the instant his master gets off! Chunks of MOLTEN ROCK cut the air...NEON SIGNS start blinking, shorting..."COCKTAILS" ..."CAMERA SHOP"..."CHOW MEIN NOODLES"! Where's Wang Chi?!

JACK BURTON
Gracie! This way!

Jack leading Gracie through the confusion, through GEYSERS OF SCALDING STEAM, past Egg, that little man beating the crap out of all comers...

EGG SHEN
Jack, where you going?!

JACK BURTON
Upstairs, head him off!

The closet-size elevator. Its door closed, Jack pumping the button. The door opening...The WILD MAN INSIDE! Grabbing Jack by the throat, pounding his head against the wall! Spinning Jack overhead! Crumbling under the force of Gracie's foot in his groin!

JACK BURTON
I'm okay...I'm okay...let's go...

She already has, into the elevator, Jack stumbling inside after her, squeaking through the closing doors!

174 INT. CLOSET ELEVATOR - DAY 174

GRACIE LAW
Where does this go?

JACK BURTON
Up...to his office, Lo Pan's office, it's cooler up there, from there we can...

GRACIE LAW
Do you have a gun, I hope?

JACK BURTON
I have a knife...

He yanks it out! Gracie backs away, no place to go...

GRACIE LAW
A knife? The guy is twelve feet tall!

Confident, Jack leans against the wall, slides at her, cornering her...

JACK BURTON
Seven. I can handle him, don't worry. I took something. I can see things no one else can see. Why are you dressed like that?

He's on top of her, nose-to-nose...

GRACIE LAW
I was getting married. He was marrying both of us. Just because my eyes are green too, I guess, I mean...

Jack kisses her with great skill. And she responds.

GRACIE LAW
My God, is this really happening?

CLUNK. The elevator stops with a jerk in.

175 INT. LO PAN'S OFFICE - DAY 175

Jack steps out first with his survival knife...

GRACIE LAW
It looks so ordinary...it...

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED: 175

JACK BURTON
Sssh.

They listen. Are there NOISES coming from...? SLAM! Out in The Honorable Hall!

JACK BURTON
Okay. This could be it.

Together, Jack and Gracie edge toward the door into:

176 INT. HONORABLE HALL OF THE INFERNAL JUDGE - DAY 176

...where Thunder is frantically trying to put things back in order, center the table, upright fallen Taoist figures, blow dust off the great Dragon Chair...

...Gracie and Jack peering in at all these preparations for the arrival of...

...Lo Pan with Miao Yin pinned in his arms, kicking, resisting!

DAVID LO PAN
Take her, here, take her...

Thunder doing so, touching Lo Pan in the exchange process...

THUNDER
Master! You are flesh!

Lo Pan feeling himself, whacking himself, amazed as well...

DAVID LO PAN
I am! It worked! Ch'ing-ti is appeased!

THUNDER
Now we must satisfy the First Sovereign Emperor by destroying this...

Thunder with his fat fist around Miao Yin's throat, her eyes bulging!

JACK BURTON
Not so fast, gentlemen.

Jack walks in...alone, hands in his pockets, cool as a cucumber.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID LO PAN
Thunder, please...is it so much to ask? Kill him? For me?

JACK BURTON
That won't solve anything. Too many people around here been dropping like flies already, and where's it getting us? Nowhere fast.

Jack's got them turning to follow him as he walks and talks...Gracie coming in behind them now...

JACK BURTON
You know what ol' Jack Burton always says at times like this?

THUNDER
Who?

JACK BURTON
Jack Burton. Me.

Wang Chi! He flies through the open spiked door! Lands in a ferocious fighting posture! The odds may be improving.

JACK BURTON
Ol' Jack always says...

SLAM! Gracie hammers Thunder over the head with a priceless vase! Shattering, it has no effect on Thunder. Other than to distract him. Miao Yin strikes, something, God knows, we've been waiting for! Springing her hands free, chopping and hacking at the fat man from such close range and with such ferocity that his head vibrates like a suet punching bag!

Lo Pan moves to help Thunder...Jack leaping, putting himself and his knife in between!

JACK BURTON
Back! Get back!

Lo Pan bashing Jack with the butt of his huge fist, slamming him out of the way! Grabbing Miao Yin!

Wang Chi grabbing Miao Yin too! The poor girl about to split!

GRACIE LAW
Wang! Let go!

(CONTINUED)

WANG CHI
Never!

Lo Pan laughing, knowing he can't lose, Miao Yin starting to craaack...

WHAMMO! Right between the eyes, Lo Pan's eyes...Jack's survival knife. Up to the hilt.

Miao Yin, released by the mortally wounded Bodhisattva of the Underworld, flies into Wang Chi's arms. Reunited at last!

GRACIE LAW
Way to go, Jack!

Lo Pan reels left, right, THE WHOLE ROOM SHAKING as his mighty bulk crashes into Taoist figures, starts a domino effect! Shattering pottery and billowing dust everywhere as the Ultimate Evil Spirit buys the farm, a big, flashy death dance, a rogue elephant going out with a bang. Crash. It's over.

JACK BURTON
It's over.

That's what we said. But we were wrong. Thunder... holding his battered face and pissed as hell...is enlarging, like an angry storm front building, swelling, straining his own envelope...a blimp full of what we can only imagine...STEAM COMING OUT OF HIS EARS...HIS NOSTRILS...

WANG CHI
Run!

They run! Jack, Gracie, Miao Yin, Wang Chi, for the spiked exit door, almost make it too before...KABOOOOOM!!! THE LOUDEST CRACK OF THUNDER YOU EVER HEARD!!! Hurling them out into:

177 INT. PASSAGE DOWNWARD - DAY 177

...in a roiling, boiling green storm cloud! The air thick and dark, lashed by great howling winds!

CUT BY A BLAST OF LIGHT! By Lightning! Up ahead... ELECTRICAL CHARGES CRACKING all around him! THE WALLS OF THE PASSAGE A VOLCANIC ORANGE, STARTING TO MELT...

JACK BURTON
What the hell do we do now?

(CONTINUED)

GRACIE LAW
We can't go back!

WANG CHI
Or forward!

Lightning coming toward them, FLASHING, CRACKING, DISCHARGING DEADLY BOLTS that jar the walls!

MIAO YIN
There!

Overhead, an updraft, sucking out the green storm cloud and rising steam like a restaurant exhaust! Through a fissure! Miao Yin just climbing right up Jack's back to boost herself through it! Good idea, Jack pushing Gracie up too, offering his locked-together hands as a stirrup to Wang Chi...

WANG CHI
You first, Jack!

JACK BURTON
Don't argue!

Jack boosting Wang Chi up through the crack, taking a hit of Lightning's energy on the shoulder! Jumping for the fissure. It's too high! Lava flowing all around him! Wang Chi suddenly reappearing upside down, hands extended toward Jack, Jack grabbing them, getting yanked up through the fissure into:

178 INT. MANSION OF THE DISLOYAL - DAY 178

...that big gravelly room where The Wild Man first dragged Gracie, chained her to the floor...but now Gracie and Miao Yin pulling on Wang Chi's feet, dredging Jack up out of the Passage Downward, HEAT AND SMOKE RISING EVERYWHERE!

JACK BURTON
The place is melting!

WANG CHI
Hell of Boiling Water and Red-Hot Sand!

EGG SHEN'S VOICE
Hello! Hello!

Where is he? Above them! Egg's head poking down through that hole in the ceiling where The Wild Man and Gracie leaped in!

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED: 178

JACK BURTON
How'd you get up there?!

EGG SHEN
It wasn't easy! Use this!

Egg takes a metal staff out of his satchel, aims it and FIRES A LINE down into the floor! A METAL PRONG anchors into the ground. There's a pulley and a second line attached!

ELECTRICITY ERUPTS FROM THE FISSURE IN THE FLOOR!

Jack pushes Miao Yin to the line. She grabs the pulley. ZIP! Up she goes! Gracie next. ZIP!

LIGHTNING! His head explodes through the floor!

WANG CHI
You first, Jack!

JACK BURTON
Absolutely!

On the run, Jack grabs the pulley and starts up. LIGHTNING rising into the Mansion of the Disloyal! Takes aim! FIRES A BOLT OF ELECTRICITY AT JACK, BARELY MISSING JACK, HITTING THE WALL NEXT TO HIM AS JACK ZIPS THROUGH THE HOLE!

EGG SHEN
LOOK OUT, WANG!

Wang Chi looks up, sees Egg at the ceiling hole, pushing a LARGE, HEAVY HO TAI STATUE over the edge!

Wang Chi leaps sideways as Lightning's arms come at him from the floor! Egg's HO TAI STATUE flies down! WHAMMO! SPLUTCH! It pounds Lightning back down into the LAVA, into the Hell of Boiling Water and Red-Hot Sand as Wang Chi grabs the pulley and ZIPS UPWARD!

179 INT. DRAGON OF THE BLACK POOL - DAY 179

Remember Eddie and Margo. Boy, are they worried. Not Uncle Chu though.

MARGO LITZENBERGER
I do not believe you can just sit there smoking a pipe...

UNCLE CHU
The mind must stay in the place it should be.

180 INT. WING KONG TRADING COMPANY - DAY 180

FIRE ALARMS RINGING OFF THE WALLS, EMPLOYEES clearing out ...SMOKE DRIFTING...

...Jack, Gracie, Wang Chi and Miao Yin running after Egg...Egg sliding to a stop as up ahead...

...ANOTHER SQUAD OF WING KONG HATCHET MEN sporting routine security uniforms, draws a bead, OPENS FIRE!

Employees scream, scatter! Our guys taking a fast alternate route down a back hall, sprinting for all they're worth, Jack catching something out of the corner of his eye that stops him in his tracks.

181 INT. ADJOINING FLEET GARAGE - DAY 181

JACK BURTON
My truck! My truck!

HIS TRUCK! His stolen Peterbilt sitting there bold as brass among all the Wing Kong vehicles.

Jack rushing for it, everyone following him, Jack leaping behind the wheel, Wang Chi insisting the two ladies get into the cab with Jack while he and Egg scramble into the cargo area.

182 INT. PETERBILT - DAY 182

JACK BURTON
They took my key!

Jack beside himself...Wing Kong Security pouring into the garage!

GRACIE LAW
Don't you have a spare?!

JACK BURTON
Yes! I do! Under the...

...seat! Jack fishing it out, starting the big engine with a ROAR! Throwing his chrome monster into gear!

THE CAMERA SHAKES...THE BUILDING SHAKES...Wing Kong Security tossed about, hanging onto the walls, hanging onto anything.

GRACIE LAW
What was that?!

JACK BURTON
Six-point-nine on the Richter scale!

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED: 182

Jack floors the Peterbilt! Rockets it...backward by mistake! Right out through the corrugated metal garage walls!

183 EXT. CHINATOWN STREET - DAY 183

Jack's Peterbilt barrels out backwards through the buckling wall! Fishtails across the street and screeches to a stop!

184 INT. PETERBILT - DAY 184

JACK BURTON
Sorry. Everybody okay?

It would seem. Jack jamming his stick forward, GRINDING HIS GEARS!

GRACIE LAW
Don't you know how to drive this thing?!

185 EXT. CHINATOWN STREET - DAY 185

Yes, he does. The Peterbilt flying down the street, speeding away...passing SEVERAL FIRE TRUCKS AND A FEW POLICE CARS heading in the opposite direction, toward the Wing Kong Trading Company...Wang Chi and Egg Shen hanging on for dear life in the back as:

186 INT. PETERBILT - DAY 186

Jack hauls them all to safety beyond Chinatown.

GRACIE LAW
Stop! Red light!

186-A EXT. BAY SIDE STREET - DAY 186-A

A RED LIGHT! Jack hits the brakes, burns rubber to a halt just in time at an ordinary, everyday intersection on a bay side street.

186-B INT. PETERBILT - DAY 186-B

Jack's heart's in his throat.

GRACIE LAW
Take it easy, okay?! Take it easy! We made it.

Jack takes a deep breath, sees Wang Chi leaning into the passenger window, giving Miao Yin a great big kiss.

(CONTINUED)

186-B CONTINUED: 186-B

GRACIE LAW
How about that, huh? Doesn't that make you feel good?

JACK BURTON
Terrific.

GRACIE LAW
Light's green, you can go now.

But Jack's looking across the street...

JACK BURTON
I don't believe it...

186-C P.O.V. FROM PETERBILT 186-C

OUT THE WINDSHIELD...A RED FIREBIRD pulls into a pier parking lot and drives out to the very end!

187 INT. FIREBIRD - DAY 187

One Ear, Needles, and Joe Lucky, these three scurrilous morons too preoccupied with several cans of beer to notice...

187-A JACK'S PETERBILT 187-A

ROARING ACROSS THE PIER PARKING LOT!

188 EXT. PIER - DAY 188

WHAMMO! Jack's Peterbilt snowplowing the Firebird, driving it right off the pier and into San Francisco Bay!

189 INT. PETERBILT - DAY 189

Deathly silence. Bubbles in the bay...

JACK BURTON
I feel a lot better now. I really do.

No one else can even speak.

190 INT. DRAGON OF THE BLACK POOL - DAY 190

Wang Chi writing a check...while Miao Yin stands over his shoulder, reaching forward to poke her nose into his books while...

Uncle Chu feeds the whole gang, but Jack not eating, contenting himself with a beer. An American beer. While *

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED: 190

Margo scribbles furiously, and Eddie Lee watches her every move...

EDDIE LEE
Whaddaya gonna call it?

MARGO
'Big Trouble In Little China,'
I think.

WANG CHI
Here, Jack. Nothing or triple.

JACK BURTON
Nothing or double.

WANG CHI
Triple. You earned it.

Jack looks at the check.

JACK BURTON
You're right, I did.
(looks at Gracie)
Last chance. I'm a rich man now. I'll give up the open road, sell my truck. Settle down.

GRACIE LAW
Couldn't have that on my conscience. The only way it might work is you buy a bigger truck, one with a little cozy apartment in back just big enough for two.

Jack smiles. And Gracie smiles.

JACK BURTON
Lemme think about it.

He starts to go...

MARGO LITZENBERGER
God, aren't you even gonna kiss her good-bye?

Jack and Gracie staring at each other. It almost might work. Almost...finally...

JACK BURTON
Nope.

He nods to the rest of them, puts his check in his pocket.

GRACIE LAW
See you around, Burton.

JACK BURTON
Never can tell.

Wang Chi and Miao Yin. The perfect couple. Jack starts out. But they always stop you at the door.

190 CONTINUED: (2) 190

EGG SHEN
Jack.

Jack turns.

EGG SHEN
Deal with the faults of others as gently as with your own.

Jack smiles, clears out.

190-A EXT. DRAGON OF THE BLACK POOL - DAY 190-A

Gracie at the window, watching Jack move through the SWIRLING FOG, stopping at his trailer hitch to check a coupling, staring at it for a beat before jumping up into the Peterbilt.

191 INT. PETERBILT - NIGHT 191

Jack, all alone, the way he likes to be, driving in a DOWNPOUR, jabbering in his CB, best friend a man ever had.

JACK BURTON
You just listen to the ol' Pork Chop Express an' take his advice on a dark and stormy night when the lightning's crashing and the thunder's rolling and the rain's comin' down in sheets thick as lead. You just remember what Jack Burton always does when the earth quakes and the Pillars of Heaven shake and poison arrows fall from the sky...

THE CAMERA, during this little ghost story that Jack's spinning, HAS BEGUN A SLOW PULL BACK, a real slick MOVE RIGHT ON OUT THROUGH THE DRIVER'S WINDOW, BACK ALONG THE LENGTH OF THE TRUCK, TO that troublesome coupling that connects the Peterbilt cab and its trailer...

JACK BURTON'S VOICE
Jack Burton just looks that big ol' storm in the eye, an' says 'Gimme your best shot. I can take it.'

NOW CLOSE ON the coupling, and we're wondering if maybe something's wrong, when WHAM! From underneath the truck FINGERS ON A CLAW RECALLING ONLY DEATH REACH OUT AND TAKE HOLD! BREATHING with an unsettling feral rasp, something made of flesh and blood with long twisted locks of fire-red hair, yellow teeth and yellow eyes pulls itself up, moving toward Jack Burton in the cab. The Wild Man. Darkness. WHAMMO!

THE END